TEN CENTS A COPY

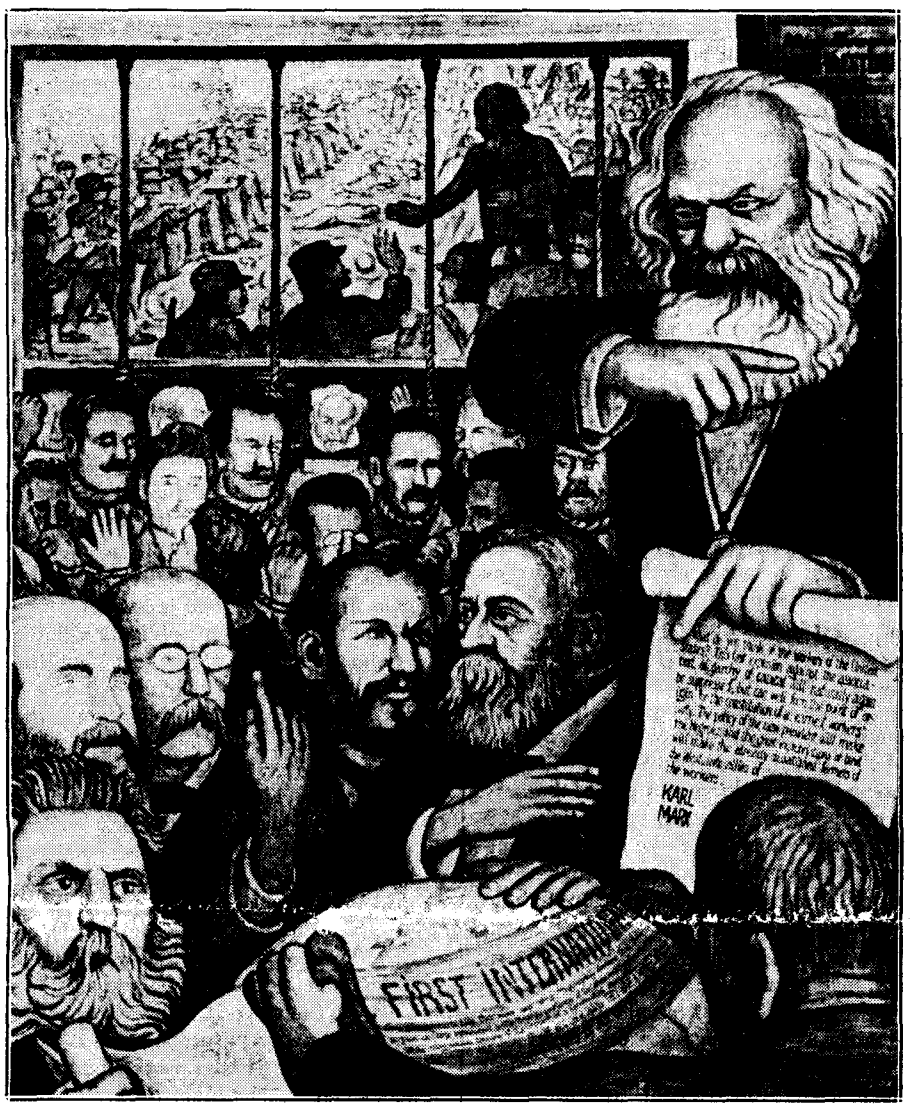
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MAY 7-13

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

VOLUME X | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1934 | NUMBER 31



KARL MARX IN A MURAL BY DIEGO RIVERA

One panel from the series of murals at the New Workers' School, New York, completed shortly before the destruction of Rivera's famous Lenin fresco at Rockefeller Center.

Allan Monkhouse Testifies on Russia

MOSCOW 1911-1933. *By Allan Monkhouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.* 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

THERE can be few people in the world today who have had the same opportunities of observing Russia at first hand as Allan Monkhouse. From the day on which he entered Russia as a young man in 1911 until his forced departure in April of last year after the famous Moscow trial of the English engineers, he has earned his living among Russians. He has seen Russia of Czarist days, Russia of the war, and Red Russia, and he has seen all these Russias through the eyes of an English engineer, whose life has been spent in practical work cheek by jowl with Russian workmen.

Such a man has standards of comparison which are unavailable to ninety-nine per cent of the post-war visitors to Russia. His testimony, if reliable and coherently expressed, should be, therefore, of considerable value.

Monkhouse *is* a reliable witness. I remember him well in those Moscow days from 1911 to 1918. He was a quiet, shrewd, unobtrusive young man who commended himself to his seniors as much by his expressive silence as by his intellectual ability. He belonged, in fact, to that type of young Englishman who for several generations has played an important part in the building up of industrial Russia. For, whatever Germany may have done in Russia just before the war and the United

(*Continued on page* 490)

Happy Eccentricity

MR. THOMPSON IN THE ATTIC. By Anna Gordon Keown. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

TO us this book seems wholly delightful. Those who demand their fiction bustling with action, who like their novels peppered with sophisticated dialogue, who are impatient of the fanciful and regard mere description as padding may find it too little vigorous for their taste. But those who have rejoiced in a "Beloved Vagabond," a "Bishop's Wife," or a "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" will chortle in their glee on discovering in it a book of similar stripe. Nothing momentous happens in Miss Keown's tale, nothing more eventful than that for the brief span of three months an eccentric schoolteacher rejoices in the possession of an attic chamber in a boys' school, wins the affections of his pupils and the alternate jealousy and admiration of his fellow instructors, beguiles the headmaster into long evenings of conversation over his sherry, falls completely and ecstatically in love with the head's wife, and passes out of her life without so much as the single kiss he asks.

Simple and familiar material, surely, out of which to spin a yarn! But there is magic in its telling, so that a cricket game, or the relation in space of an elm tree to a stream, or the burial of Mrs. Maple's Elsie, a picnic, a tinker's encampment, or a mere classroom scene take on charm and import. Mr. Thompson was "no watertight schoolmaster" indeed, but a soul at once ingenuous and astute, with a habit of mind as direct as it was unconventional,

(*Continued on page* 489)

The Poetry of Karl Marx

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

WHEN the parties to a controversy begin to discuss each other it is usually safe to assume that the controversy is dead. The rule however is not of universal application. The red herring is a bird of ambiguous lineage which has been known to put on various shapes. Not the least common of which is personal affront.

It is therefore permissible to hope that the recent discussion of the role of the poet in our time may not be as defunct as the barrage of epithets would lead one to suppose—a hope which is all the more grateful because the discussion has thus far failed to reach a satisfying conclusion. It has—and for this the dialecticians deserve the praise—revived a journalistic interest in poetry which the prosperous twenties had done their best to kill. And it has produced, also, among the Marxians, a certain amount of skilful invective which even its victims must admire. But the real issue, either because the controversialists would not see it or because they could not, remains untouched.

Serious discussion has been pretty much confined to two heads of argument: the contention that propaganda is, or is not, art and the contention that only the poet who "soaks himself in the historic necessities of his epoch" can write good poetry. Of these the first is irrelevant to the actual issue and the second is only superficially pertinent.

The argument which opposes art to propaganda is merely no argument. There are no *a priori* rules about subject matter in verse and the man who contends that there are is either an academician or that equally unimportant American phenomenon, the revolutionary pedant. Anything which will make a work of art will make a work of art. It is just as silly to say that a poem can't be a poem if its subject is The Young Communists as it is to say that a poem can't be a poem *unless* its subject is The Young Communists. It is just as ridiculous to assert that the time and place of a poem must be here and now as it is to assert that the only proper subject for an epic is the rape of Troy. The fact is, as a glance at the (politically) left-wing magazines will immediately show, that revolutionary content has precisely nothing to do with poetry one way or the other. Where the writer is an honest workman and where he is deeply moved in his own person his revolutionary verses may be poems. Where the writer is a dishonest workman or where he is substituting for his own emotion the emotion of a Movement his revolutionary verses are never poems. But the same thing is true of a lady sonneteer writing about her Lost Loves. All that can intelligently be said of either is that there is no substitute for art—not even fervor. To criticize a writer because he does, or does not, write of the political issues of his day is to risk playing a ridiculous role before a posterity which may value the writing long after the issues have been for generations forgotten. A poem called "To Daffodils" and a book entitled "Leviathan" are cases decidedly in point.

The second contention on the other hand—the contention that only the poet who soaks himself in the historic necessities of his epoch can write good poetry on any subject—is a proper matter of debate but one which proves ultimately to lead into a cul-de-sac. Even if the truth of the proposition is admitted over the protests of the students of English verse it still remains to inquire: What historic necessities and by whom determined? I, for one, am strongly inclined to believe that the contention may be truer of our time than it was of the time of Robert Herrick or William Blake or Shakespeare himself. But I am not willing to agree that the bath in which the contemporary poet is to soak is the bath in which I see certain of the proponents of this view actually soaking. To soak oneself in books, to soak oneself in dialectic, to soak oneself in theory, is still to soak oneself in books and dialectic and theory whether the books and the theories are those of a graduate school of English or those of a political revolution. And the results will be the same—pedantry, academicism, intellectualism, and very bad poetry: the kind of poetry precisely which the intellectuals, both collegiate and revolutionary, do now so frequently produce.

What the poet must soak himself in, if he is to take to soaking, is his own time and not theories about his time and particularly not theories about his time developed almost a hundred years before and in another country. Now the outstanding characteristic of our time is industrialism. Whether modern society is run from Wall Street or the Kremlin it is still first and foremost an industrial society—indeed its industrialism is if anything more emphatic in Russia than in the United States. But industrialism is not a theory. It is a condition. It is a fact. It is a highly technical mechanism of complicated and difficult controls which exists only in its operation, only as a thing in action. It is so far fundamental that if it should collapse all issues of capitalism and socialism and proletarianism would be swept away together in a common disaster which would reduce the question of the control of the instruments of production to the inanity of the Nestorian her-

This Week

QUEEN ELIZABETH
By J. E. NEALE
Reviewed by Wallace Notestein

TOO MANY BOATS
By CHARLES L. CLIFFORD
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS
By GERTRUDE STEIN
Reviewed by Francis Fergusson

THE WELL OF DAYS
By IVAN BUNIN
Reviewed by Elvine S. Adams

THE HOUR OF DECISION
By OSWALD SPENGLER
Reviewed by Fabian Franklin

THE FOLDER
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY
Edited by G. D. H. COLE
Reviewed by John Strachey

Next Week or Later

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
By LEONARD BACON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

esy. Only those, therefore, who understand industrialism as an existing, working, physical mechanism can lay any claim whatever to an understanding of our time. The rest, those who assume industrialism and debate the question merely of its control, are as infantile as children who assume that dinners appear upon tables as a matter of natural right and that the only question is who shall get the largest helping. And those whose sole knowledge of the contemporary world is a knowledge of its social injustice belong, for all the generosity of their indignation, to the same category. For it is not social injustice which is the peculiar characteristic of our time. It is social injustice bred by industrialism.

It follows that the man who really proposes to soak himself in his time will soak himself not in books but in industrialism as a reality, as a physical, existing fact. And yet I know of no poetic champions of the historic necessity doctrine who have made the slightest attempt to do so. They have read Marx. They have soaked themselves in the rancid odor of capitalistic stupidity and greed. They have looked at, and romantically admired, and even romantically written about, a few esthetic-looking machines and tools. But they have no faintest idea how three hundred odd millions of pairs of shoes are actually made under any social system or how the food of a nation is actually distributed—actually, the visible, tangible, physical act—or by what organization of men and railroads and trucks and belts and book-entries the materials of a single automobile are assembled. And yet all these matters are of the very life of our time. They are the facts upon which theories must rest. And for the poet, who must always attack his world factually and physically, not abstractly, not in intellectual concepts, they are the one possible road to an understanding of the contemporary age. Those who refuse that road, who do not so much soak themselves in the actual liquor of their time as vaporize in its theories, must face the suspicion that their loyalties are less to the historic necessities of their generation than to the dogmas of their church.

It will be replied of course that this is not at all what the words "historic necessity" connote: that the words "historic necessity" refer to the natural laws of social evolution discovered by Karl Marx, the social trend, the direction of the time. But the only kind of contemporary history in which the poet, the artist, the essentially practical man who makes books and paintings and music, can possibly immerse himself to the advantage of himself or his art is the present history of the existing world. All the rest is *Zeit-Geist,* Spirit of the Age—and as Teutonic and romantic as "The Sorrows of Werther."

The fundamental point to be made, however, is that the theory of the historic necessity leaves the real question of the role of the poet in our epoch quite untouched. The real question is not whether the poet should know and draw upon the existing world of his time but whether he should know and draw upon that world as an artist with an artist's single and arrogant demand of artistic significance or whether he should know and draw upon it with the ulterior and calculated interest of the champion of a cause. Briefly the real question is whether the poet should serve a cause or serve an art. It is a question which every man attempting to practice the art of poetry in this time must answer. And which he must answer with the certainty that he will choose one alternative or the other and cannot possibly choose both. There may be cakes in the political world which can be both kept and eaten. There are none in the world of art.

It cannot be too often repeated that this issue and the issue of propaganda with which the Marxians attempt, for some reason, to confuse it are not at all the same. Propaganda is a question of the subject matter of particular poems. The question here at issue concerns the art itself, the lens through which the light should come. Ultimately and inescapably it is a question of the relative importance of the art of poetry and the cause to which that art would be deferred.

There are those who believe that the importance of the art of poetry, even from the social point of view which is now so generally imposed, is very great. The modern world, obviously, does not share that opinion. The modern world conceives of itself as depending upon its scientists for a knowledge of the external universe and upon its psychologists for a knowledge of the internal mind and upon itself for everything else of which it has need. But the modern world is deceived. Neither in our day nor at any earlier time has the world been able to depend upon itself for the essential understanding. A great part of our racial knowledge of our lives and our earth and our destiny upon that earth has come in all ages from the intuitive and emotional perceptions of great poets. The poet works with those dimensions of invisibility which exist at the opposite extreme from the microscopic dimensions which concern the scientist. He works with the over-obvious, the too-apparent, the phenomena which men cannot see because they are so close that vision blurs, the phenomena which approach the seeing eye so near that they become sometimes the seeing eye itself. It is for this reason that the true perceptions of the poet have such an overwhelming and instantaneous feel of truth. They require no demonstration because they were always true. They were merely never "seen" before. The poet, with the adjustment of a phrase, with the contrast of an image, with the rhythm of a line, has fixed a focus which all the talk and all the staring of the world had been unable to fix before him. His is a labor which is at all times necessary, for without it that sense of human reality which is the poet's greatest accomplishment is lost. But it is a labor which is particularly necessary in times of uncertainty and doubt and intellectual confusion. No man who lived through the publication of "The Waste Land" will forget the crystallizing effect of that poem, the way in which it precipitated the cloudy confusion of an age, and made human and tragic what had before been impersonal and intellectual and for the most part unseen.

The importance, even the social importance, of the art of poetry will therefore hardly be challenged by any save the ignorant. But the truth to be driven home is not that the poet is important. The truth to be driven home is that the poet is important only so long as he acts as poet. The reason is the same as the reason which explains a similar limitation upon the importance of the scientist. The reports of the scientist upon the nature of the physical world are accepted as the bases for conclusions and the grounds for action for one reason only—because the scientist is disinterested. And the scientist is disinterested because his loyalty is to his science. He has no ulterior motive. He has not committed himself to certain extra-scientific views which condition all his findings. He has no preconceptions as to what he would like to find to be true. In the same way the intuitions of the poet are valid and may be accepted only because his loyalty is to his art, because his sole test of the acceptability of a word or a phrase or a poem is the test of his art and not the test of his politics or his social indignation. This is not to say that the true poet is without prejudice. He has of course the prejudices of his blood, his countryside, his education, if you will his "class." But the only demand to which he listens in the making of a poem, the only demand which, satisfied, will satisfy him that the poem is complete, is the demand which his art makes upon him. Where he all difficult facts with epithets (so that the word "Fascist" for example has become an answer to almost everything in our time) will find in this truth nothing but the old, stale doctrine of Art-for-Art's-sake. And the use of the phrase will somehow comfort them. The rest, however, will remark that the difference between a man who serves an art and the man who serves a cause is an actual difference. The servant of a cause accepts of necessity certain preconceptions as to the nature and meaning of life and the quality of the world. He desires his experience to prove to him that his cause is just and will be successful. He rejects anything in his experience which suggests to him that his cause is unjust and will fail. He is a special pleader. And as such his work loses poetic authority because the guarantee of its validity is lost in the loss of the guarantee of his artistic disinterestedness. In the paintings of Cézanne every sensitive man recognizes the profound authority of the artist by whom the world is truthfully presented because the world, to him, is merely material for his art. In the work of George Grosz no man feels anything but the partisan and interested presentation of a skilled and passionate pleader.

These are the two alternatives of our time. All writers who hate the stupidity and insolence and inhumanity of the existing order must choose between them. But they must choose with the full and certain knowledge that the alternatives are actually alternatives: that it is impossible to be both Cézanne and Grosz. A few honest men have made the choice of partisanship with their eyes open and in full recognition of the meaning of their act. Unable themselves to live as poets in a house in which the drains were clogged they have generously elected to clear the drains for the next tenant. Their decision must be respected and admired. But they are few. Beside them are the scores of frightened and bewildered writers who, unaware of the meaning of their choice, aware only that the practice of an art is today lonely and difficult, have escaped into the security of a Movement and the support of an organized claque. And beyond are the crowds of intellectualists and critics who, having no artistic obligations and hence no choice to make, shout for blood at the ringside like fat Long Island brokers at a ten-round bout.

There remain certain individuals who believe that the first and inescapable obligation of the poet is his obligation to his art; who believe that the fact that the practice of his art is difficult in no way releases him from that obligation; who believe that the desertion of his art for any reason, even the noblest, even the most humane, is nevertheless desertion. Neither they nor any other honest writers will ignore the issues of their time. On the contrary they will know their time as well as or better than those who write of their time whatever the scene or subject of their work. They will, when they so incline, write propaganda if their propaganda satisfies the necessities under which, as poets, they must work. But they will admit no loyalty before the single loyalty they owe their art.

Time which survives the generations and the causes, time in which alone the work of art exists, will damn them or commend them at its leisure.

* *

Archibald MacLeish has been true to the thesis of his article. He serves his poetry as an art, though as an Editor of Fortune *he is profoundly concerned with the industrial manifestations of his day. He is the author of "Conquistador," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize last year, and which is included in his latest volume, "Poems, 1924-1933."*

Empire State Express

By MARGARET HAYES IRISH

COMRADE, have you observed life along the Hudson river?
Or do you consider the railroad too capitalistic to ride on
And the Hudson's wide grandeur a trap and a bourgeois delusion?
I maintain you can ride in a train and look out of the window
With an esthete's eye, or a bourgeois eye, or the eye of a Marxian,
Seeing on one side the pleasant, tree-sheltered rambling estates,
The small, friendly homes and green spaces which you call middle-class;
(And a clump of burnt-orange stalks in a leafless thicket).
The smutty proletarian houses, the huddled shacks,
The rickety two-family houses by the tracks where the negroes live
With the poor-whites, sawing up wood in their barren yards
Or laboring over washings. The cramped huts of campers, the farms
Over across the river, and there again the estates;
(With poplar trees in November, yellow candles against the dark).

Here are the workers splitting the Hudson rock with their picks,
Lighting fuses to blast it, loading it on the flat-cars,
Laying ties for the rails to straighten the roadbed;
Negroes, Italians, Russians and men from Cayuga county,
Hardy, intent, unaware of the brooding class-struggle,
Eating their brown-paper lunches, their tin-box snacks,
With a laugh and a fresh word for girls on the train passing;
(And thousands of wild ducks rocking methodically on the waves);
Brakemen uncoupling cars, and the men in the roundhouse at Rensselaer,
The piles of coaldust and soot where workers' children are playing,
(And beyond them the glint, the leaf-flame, the beauty undisciplined, classless.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queen Bess's Glorious Days

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By J. E. Neale. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THE greatness of Elizabeth has been an axiom of English history. It has not been unconnected with times and seasons. To the fierce Protestants of the seventeenth century, she was the symbol of England's defeat of Spain. It was the delight of Sir Edward Coke to count up the number of times the Spanish plotters had failed to poison her. The country gentlemen could not forgive the first Stuarts that they could furnish no victories; the fame of England from St. Crispin's Day to the day that Drake left off playing bowls had become part of their pride, and the failures of Cadiz and Rhé hurt them. Things had been otherwise under Elizabeth. To the Imperialists of the late nineteenth century, to the Froudes and Seeleys, to the Kiplings and Newbolts, Elizabeth and her gentlemen pirates were the sign of Britain rampant over lands and seas. Drake would quit the port of heaven, if necessary, to bring back the old glories. It was not necessary, for Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes were in the old tradition. On the walls of art galleries and in public school songs the days of Elizabeth were remembered. J. R. Green in his prose poem of the island story gave a portrait of Elizabeth that became at once a classic and was rewritten into scores of textbooks. More than even Wellington or Marlborough, Elizabeth became the character around which gathered national pride.

> Yet Britain won her proudest bays
> In good Queen Bess's glorious days.

The wrongs the Queen did were forgotten, and her high, brave words and majestic bearing came to belong in the book of great memories.

The books about her are many and we need mention only a few of the shorter ones. Bishop Creighton's book, written a good while ago, is still one of the most judicious estimates. Beesly's little volume is one of the liveliest accounts. Katherine Anthony's recent book was put together from rather obvious sources but with facility. Milton Waldman's work is an honest book that shows some insight and not a little interpretation. Neale's book is welcome because it is not only as good reading as any of them, but it adds to our understanding of the Queen. It is probable that a better book will not be written till the muniment rooms of English country houses have been ransacked and the results published. Even then we may have to wait for a scholar who can write as well as Neale. His book is of course that of a scholar, although without footnotes or the impedimenta of the scholar. Professor Neale, who is the successor of Pollard at University College, London, has spent his life in a close examination of Elizabethan sources, directing his attention mainly to the parliaments of the time. He has become increasingly interested in Elizabeth herself and has turned aside from parliaments for three years to put down his findings about the Queen.

Save for Pollard, in England, and Conyers Read, in America, there is no one who knows more about the reign of Elizabeth. Neale knows not only the politics and religion but the life and spirit of the age, knows it from manuscripts and even from the inscriptions in parish churches. It is not only a question of knowing. He has searched out every conceivable printed source and all the manuscripts available. It is amazing how many details hitherto overlooked, how many pat and pertinent quotations have been used in this volume. New speeches by Elizabeth (without any word that they are new) and new remarks about her by those around her have been dug up. What is more, all the mass of rumor and gossip about the woman naturally most hated in Europe, has been sifted through and given its weight, usually very little. Here is where Neale's experience with the period counts. It is not only experience and training; he has what Western Reserve folk call gumption. He does not decide, as Waldman, that Elizabeth was the mistress of Leicester; he is not taken in by the gossip that Elizabeth was incapable of sex relations. This is the way in which he treats that overworked story: "Ben Jonson knew this surmise and added a few lewd details to give it an air of reality, when he talked and drank with Drummond of Hawthornden, his story being like the occasion quite irresponsible." He accepts, one observes, the authenticity of the Casket letters and does not lose his conscience in gazing upon the fair queen of the north.

His treatment of the Alençon courtship is an admirable illustration of common sense. Beesly has told us all the ups and downs of that prolonged and undignified affair, and leaves the reader with the impression that Elizabeth was only playing a game, that and nothing more. Not so Neale. Elizabeth had been playing a game. But there was more to it than that.

> Elizabeth had indeed exploited Alençon without scruple, but this ugly yet most congenial and constant of suitors had a real place in her affections. He had been her last hope of children. She wept for herself.

But this book is more than honest history, it is an interesting narrative well told, and hard to turn away from. It moves along. The reader is likely to forget the delightful style in following the story. It is a style not only delightful but with distinction and restraint. Behind those careful, terse, and sometimes amusing phrases is more than the author has time to stop and tell us, and we are not displeased at that. There are many felicities that spring not from the mind of a ready writer but from the intelligence of one who has thought long over his problems and would answer them adequately and briefly. Neale falls naturally into Elizabethan idiom yet in such sparing fashion that it does not detract from the movement. He has used much quotation but short quotation that could not be spared, and he has often ventured wisely to leave the quotation marks out.

His treatment of the Essex episode is notable. He is telling again the story that Lytton Strachey told so brilliantly. One cannot say that his narrative is as brilliant as that of Strachey, but brilliant it is, and interesting. He goes down to essentials as Strachey never did. Strachey uses Bacon as a serpent and Cecil as the bent little man content to give ever so slight a push to events, both subtly drawn characters and both somewhat out of Strachey's imagination. Neale is not afraid to deal with character, indeed he is not afraid to make psychological guesses now and then. But he prefers evidence. He quotes Bacon about Essex: Essex had

> a settled opinion that the Queen could be brought to nothing but by a kind of necessity and authority. I well remember when by violent courses at any time he had got his will, he would ask me, "Now Sir, whose principles be true" and I would again say to him: "My Lord these courses be like to hot waters, they will help at a pang; but if you use them, you shall spoil your stomach, and you shall be fain still to make them stronger and stronger, and yet in the end they will lose their operation."

Neale takes that contemporary information and comment and carries it through his account, using possibly some Strachey technique of repetition of theme. But he does explain the Essex story as it has not been explained before: he comes nearer to what seems likely to be the truth.

Yet Neale for all his scholarship and shrewd interpretation seems to me not to have escaped that nationalistic outlook, so common to those who write about Elizabeth. It is impossible not to see that the Dutch were rather dishonest and the English on the whole pretty fine fellows, with a high mission and the goddess of Fortune attendant. His nationalism is most evident in his attitude towards Elizabeth. He has been kind to the heroine. He has let her off easily in the case of William Davison, who, acting for the Privy Council, saw to it that the warrant for Mary's execution, which Elizabeth had signed, was carried out. Davison was imprisoned and ruined by Elizabeth for doing what she had to have done. Her incredible vacillations of policy are slipped over lightly and usually set down as statesmanship. Let anyone read carefully the story of Elizabeth's diplomacy as recorded in great detail by Conyers Read in his life of Walsingham and see if he can have the same admiration for Elizabeth as has Neale. It is hard to admire the stinginess which allowed faithful ministers to go into their own pockets for her emergencies. She weathered the storm and the pragmatists are ready and eager to excuse all. To say that she was a natural liar and that she let down those who served her best is perhaps not to condemn her. 'Twas common. But that her vacillations were wise and that her Counsellors were always less far-sighted is too easy an assumption. Was the situation really touch-and-go? Was it likely that her Catholic subjects would rebel? Was a combination against her so probable? Were her gentlemen pirates incapable of keeping blue water between her and her enemies? Might not other policies have worked? Did Elizabeth possibly have so many face-cards that she could have played them in several different ways? Is it thinkable that Elizabeth, as many before and after, muddled through? All these questions about Elizabeth I have threshed out again and again with Neale and I know that he is ready to stand by the great Queen. And I know, too, that most would agree with him.

THE EARL OF HERTFORD'S PAGEANT FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1591
The Earl employed 300 men for the entertainment, for which the Queen stayed three days.

Wallace Notestein is Sterling professor of English history at Yale University. Though an American, he is a member of the British committee appointed by the prime minister, on the House of Commons Records.

High Promise

TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN a first novel displays as much talent and exhibits as sure a command of unhackneyed material as does "Too Many Boats," a reviewer may admit to disliking the duty which compels him to say that the novelist has failed in his main effort, even while partially succeeding. It would be pleasant, in such a case, to dwell only on the parts; but it is the whole that must be judged. Were the entire work third-rate, the critical approach would be at once less serious and more lenient; it is the presence of some first-rate writing in this novel that forbids an easy tolerance in dealing with it. Severity of judgment, in this instance, is a higher compliment than careless praise.

I think that Mr. Clifford's failure results from an attempt to combine mutually alien elements, moods, and qualities within a single piece of fiction. On the one hand we have truth and naturalism, while on the other we have what appear to be untruth and wilful sensationalism. I assume that the first elements derive from personal experience and that the others are born of the imagination. In any case, the naturalism comes off and the sensationalism does not, even as sensationalism. The story of "the bayou nigger, Private Motto Dinkin," who shot Sergeant Brown, because he was just tired of being picked on, is a beautiful and impressive example of honest, affecting writing. The triangular story of Cork Coates, Major von Kurtz, and Mrs. von Kurtz, is popular magazine junk. And, unfortunately the latter tale furnishes the principal strands of the novel, while poor Dinkin's tragedy is only a supplementary thread. Similarly, a world of fiction lies between the scene in which Captain Coates faces his mutinous black troopers in their barracks, and that in which he melodramatically insults abuses Mrs. von Kurtz in the bedroon a Manila hotel.

Writing of white officers and black troops, in a Philippine army post during the great war, Mr. Clifford is writing of a life he has lived. His sympathy with Cork Coates seems to be one of identification, and he is at his best when he is dealing with the relations between Captain Coates and his colored cavalrymen. One never thinks of questioning him in that field where every accent rings true, or in the lively description of the Anglo-American polo match which suggests but does not sustain comparison with Kipling's "The Maltese Cat." It is only when the soldier leaves his soldiering and his polo, and embarks upon what appears to be invention, that our critical faculties are provoked into hostility. Please understand me. Were I informed tomorrow that every detail of the Coates-Kurtz yarn is a faithful transcription from life, I would still insist that it appears as a falsification of life in this novel. Despite the author's best attempts at motivation, despite his insistence upon the explosive possibilities of tropical heat, thwarted ambition, and racial antagonism, the yarn fails to convince. And that, so far as the novel is concerned, is what matters.

Mr. Clifford has talent and power and sympathy. He knows how to set his scenes with economy:—

> The drill grounds were two miles out. Great barren stretches of burning sand and high, coarse *cogon* grass. Rank clumps of jungle broke the level desert. The sun had already made the sand hot to the touch. There was no wind, no faint breeze. The necks of the horses were black with sweat, or lathered; soapy where the reins touched. Sweat dripped from their bellies, drenched the cinches. Choking, tinder-dry dust rose about the troops as they moved across the barrens. . . .

Mr. Clifford has plenty to write about. But he must decide just what kind of fiction he wishes to write, and then hew to the line.

By a decree of Mustapha Kemal, recently announced, English will in future be an obligatory subject in all Turkish secondary schools. French and German wil only be optional.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 31.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1934, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

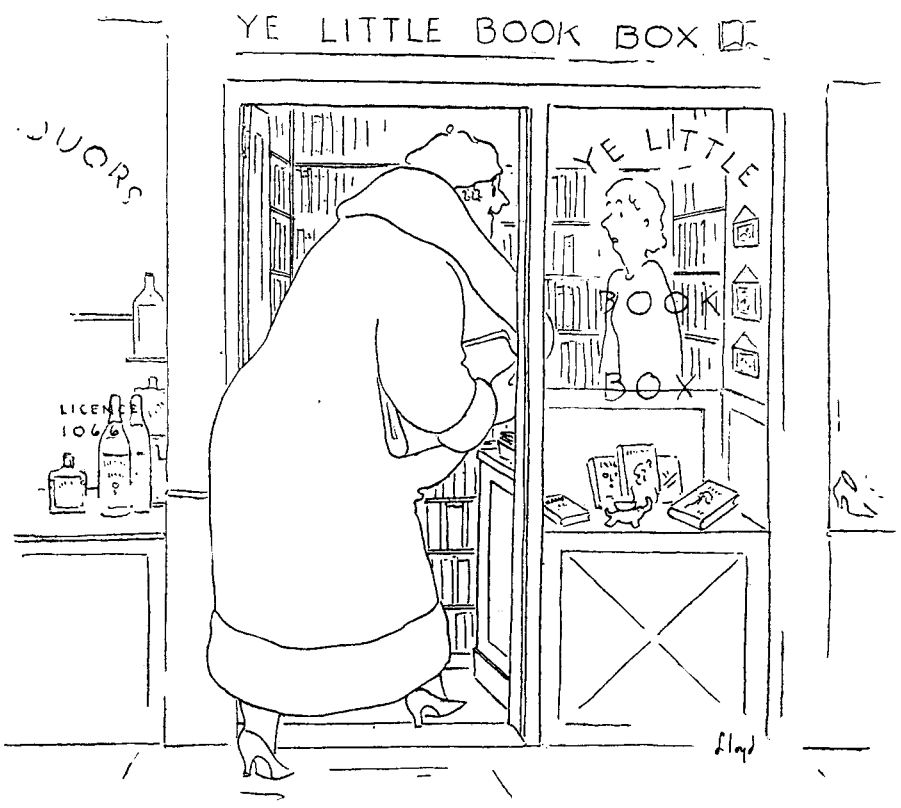
America's Part-Time Job

The Yale Graduate School is one of the best equipped institutions in the country. It has a distinguished faculty, a carefully selected student body, a building comparable in size if not in beauty to a great medieval monastery, and the resources of the vast Yale Library almost across the street. Its numbers could presumably be doubled without physical congestion; but Dean Furniss in a recent report recommends that they be halved. A change in our economic conditions, he feels, has come to stay. The rapid expansion of colleges and universities, calling for more and more teachers, has ended, probably for good. The rush toward half education is over. Henceforth not teachers, but good teachers only will be demanded, and especially not scholars so-called but real scholars. Yale can afford to give time and space only to the best of the many who seek advanced degrees as a first-step to university jobs, because only the best are likely to find good jobs. And this means halving an already limited enrolment.

Would that literature had its Dean Furniss! The depression has increased the numbers of literary aspirants by a terrifying percentage. It is the great part-time job of America, in which a typewriter, a table, and a box of paper, are all the capital needed, and the rest is up to God! Only the omniscience of Deity itself can know the numbers of literary aspirants who at the moment when this sentence is being composed are writing just one more page. There is no school for them but their own will, no dean to advise them of an overproduction that will fill sooner or later the wastebaskets of America.

But this much may be said, by way of warning and clarification, and few who know the writing game will disagree. Not teaching in its highest regions, not scholarship in its most austere phase, require more preparation, more constant and laborious toil, more intrinsic ability of the rarest order, than the making of literature. Literary aspiration which is not a painful and devoted consecration to work is at best an avocation not a vocation, at worst a nuisance for the middlemen and the consumers of literature. Literary aspiration without that adequate training behind it which guarantees at least a civilized, educated mind is usually vain. Literary aspiration with no talent to support and be developed by it, is as hopeless as a technique of scholarship acquired by a mediocre intellect. If the Yale Graduate School is halved, the ranks of American literary aspirants should be decimated.

There is hope, however, for the inveterate and incorrigible writer. If he will turn from literature to plain writing for a living, there is still, while advertising lasts and the idle mind continues to seek an escape from the tiresome business of routine experience, a market which will consume at least a fair proportion of what skilful craftsmanship can produce. A trip to the nearest drug store, or newsstand, or (shall we add) lending library, will demonstrate to the most skeptical that consumption and production are better balanced in mere writing than in farm products. For it seems that forty authors with forty typewriters in every apartment house in the land could scarcely produce tripe enough to fill this incredible spawn of cheap books and especially cheap magazines. The honest scribbler knows that, whether his medium circulates two million or twenty thousand, his profession is skilful scribbling and not literature. Literary aspirants should learn from him. There is no market for their wares unless they are of the best; and their ranks are congested with mediocrity. Unless they have rare faith, and still rarer ability, they should turn to scribbling, or quit.



"MAY I COME IN AND BROWSE?"

Letters to the Editor: *Don Marquis Invites Us to Put on False Whiskers*

Μρ Μάρκυις Πρώτεστς

SIR:—I have a serious complaint to make of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It is not pedantic enough. It is not academic enough. What I want in a literary review is more the point of view of the learned pundit. As far as humanity is concerned, I can supply that myself. When I formulate for myself a literary opinion, I need a review which will contain words and phrases from which I can select a verbal costume which will cover my ideas with the dress of authority. *The Saturday Review of Literature* seems to think that literature has some connection with life, and that almost anyone may have his opinion of it. I want a review with more weighty tradition, and more classical quotations in it. I consider the *Saturday Review* a dangerous precedent in reviews. People are able to understand what its writers publish; even people who do not use Ph.D., Ll. D., and S. O. S. after their names. When I can comprehend everything in a review, I know that it has deserted the ancient cultural standards. I should like to know where you think the ancient landmarks are, and point out to you that the rapids are before you; and ask you, Whither Are You Drifting? Can't you get a little Greek type, or some of these Hebrew letters which look like false teeth, and sprinkle them through your pages? If I were to write a book, and it were disapproved of by a reviewer who did not use some classical quotations here and there, I would not feel rebuked at all. In fact, I once did write a book, and a fellow made a wisecrack in Sanskrit about it; and I never wrote another book, so you see learning does do some good in a review. I should think you would have in your offices one of those big dictionaries which have a lot of classical quotations in the back of them, and that you could dig out enough to look classical, even if you don't feel that way. You may think I am an isolated case, but there are thousands of other readers of yours who are just practically going to hell, in a cultural way, on account of your lax policies.

New York City. DON MARQUIS.

Is it possible that under the guise of reproof Mr. Marquis is really complimenting us? What do our readers think?—The Editors.

Teaching Modern Literature

SIR: The English departments of colleges and universities in this country are largely made up of men who have gone through the treadmill of Graduate School for the purpose of acquiring an academic degree, that of Doctor of Philosophy. This union-card guarantees that its recipient is acquainted with the methods of research, and it usually means that he has read books in Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, or Old High German. In short, it testifies that he is capable of scholarly research. His business is with the past; he turns over yellowed leaves, collates a text, and traffics not with the grand ghost of John Milton but with the paltry spirit of some seventeenth century contemporary who was so busy writing a political pamphlet that he never once looked up to see John Milton passing by.

Now scholarly research is admirable in its place, but the man who is primarily a research scholar has no place in the class-room, unless he is an inspired teacher as well. Why is it not possible for a college to have its staff of research scholars in English, who will uphold the academic reputation by continually "adding to the sum total of human knowledge," and, quite separate from these, a staff of men selected for their teaching ability, who might choose from the fruits of this research and present phases of this knowledge in their classes?

I feel strongly that a discriminating enthusiasm for literature, and the ability to communicate that enthusiasm, are the most important, the only important qualifications to be looked for in the man who teaches English literature in college. Love of literature is a matter of the emotions as well as of the intellect, and how are you going to reach the bewildered, as yet unformed, complex, yet amazingly simple and honest young man or young woman of college age if not through the emotions? In going through college, I for one, came in contact with two kinds of professors,—the cynical, dry, witty sort, who flaunted their accumulation of so-called facts, and the broad, human, vital sort, whose sense of values helped to color the lives of my classmates and myself.

Love of literature, if it be genuine, is not turned off like a faucet when one leaves the class-room, does not stop abruptly when one considers a book written after 1880. Literature has gone on being written, and often it is truer and finer, and more vital to the college generation of today, than much of the cumbersome detail with which a teacher is encouraged to burden his mind.

While in college I felt the need of more courses in the literature and thought of the nineteenth century, a century so packed with the interlocked roots of the present day. I imagined a course which would cover the principal economic and cultural currents, and the men of letters who were the expression of those crises and cross-currents, in England, America, and France. The tides of influence swept from Poe to Baudelaire, from Baudelaire to Swinburne, from Swinburne and Morris to Yeats, to mention only one thread in a fascinating skein. The great social novelists, Dickens and Thackeray in England, Balzac and Zola in France, were busy picturing those aspects of society with which they were acquainted. In our own time Proust and Joyce and Sinclair Lewis are performing the same illuminating service. Why not a college course which will regard the nineteenth century as having its waves of influence, as still going on? Why not another course which will deal strictly with poetry or prose or drama of the post-war epoch? Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Eugene O'Neill, Thomas Wolfe, Hervey Allen, and William Butler Yeats have served notice on immortality, while many other living writers in English are more than worthy of study.

Courses in the social sciences are more up to date than courses in literature in most colleges, for they discuss contemporary events and require journals such as *The Nation* and *The New Republic* for class-room discussion. Why not a course in contemporary literature to be given by a novelist or a critic or a poet, when there is so excellent a periodical to follow as *The Saturday Review*?

New York City. KIMBALL FLACCUS.

A Final Word on Names

SIR: Dr. Mawson's friendly letter regarding my review of his "Book of Names" deserves a word of gratitude, and just one further comment. On January 5, 1933, Miss Ruth Suckow wrote me as follows: "'Soo-ko' is correct, and both my father, who has always been in Iowa, and myself are generally addressed that way. . . ."

As a native Middle-Westerner, I must express grave doubts that between January and June of 1933 the correct local pronunciation of *Suckow* suddenly took to rhyming with "few go." However, Miss Suckow is the ultimate authority.

As for the valuable contributions of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Grattan to the discussion of Irish names, I might say that I was aware of the H. H. Richardson angle on *Mahony*, having had a letter from the author as well as having noted the hero's own vigorous sentiments on the subject. The fact remains that there *is* authority for "Mahóny" and that thousands of American *Mahoneys* pronounce it that way. Is there not a difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant usage here? Incidentally, what does Mr. Boyd do about George M. "Co-hán"?

ALFRED H. HOLT.

Williamstown, Mass.

Letters of Charles Lamb

SIR:—Mr. E. V. Lucas, having been entrusted with the editorship of the new, and, it is hoped, complete, collection of the letters of Charles Lamb, will be in America during March and April on a search for material, either to copy or collate, and he will be grateful if any collectors who have original letters in their possession will communicate with him, c/o Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I. A. R. WYLIE.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MR. THOMPSON IN THE ATTIC. By ANNA GORDON KEOWN. *Morrow*. How an eccentric soul found a temporary paradise.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD. By BERNARD SHAW. *Dodd, Mead*. Three plays not so good as the best of Bernard Shaw's, but still interesting and provocative.

MURDER . . . MADE IN GERMANY. By HEINZ LIEPMANN. *Harpers*. An autobiographical record of experiences in a Nazi concentration camp.

This Less Recent Book:

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER. By FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN. *Viking*. High adventure and Yoga in India.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Novel of the Scottish Lowlands

CLOUD HOWE. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book, the sequel to "Sunset Song," published last year, continues Mr. Gibbon's trilogy of the Scottish Lowlands today. "Sunset Song," it may be remembered, was laid among the vanishing class of small crofters at the time of the war; "Cloud Howe" takes us into one of the little manufacturing towns which are emptying the countryside, and pictures for us the turbulence in which the war has left it. In the cloth-making town of Segget, the young people have left the Kirk and grown cynical about the King; many of the spinners are on the dole and discontented, and, still worse, many of them are on the dole and content; there are strikes and labor troubles; and yet there is left some of the worst of the feudal spirit, servility surviving loyalty. For the scandalmongers of Segget still call a man gentry if he has grown rich, and feel that the gentry cannot be at fault if the mills stop; and, as Mr. Gibbon shows with a bitterness that is a little too blunt for the fine word "irony," they cannot blame the gentry for adulteries which they savagely condemn among their own class. Into this harsh town come Chris, the girl whose first love was killed in the war, her son by him, Ewan, and her second husband, Robert Colquhoun, the minister who is trying to show the people the vision of brotherhood which has possessed him by flashes ever since he was shell-shocked.

To tell their story, and that of the town, Mr. Gibbon uses a Scots idiom, harsh and warm and good as tweed. It goes much deeper than the use of dialect words; there is no glossary, and none needed; but the whole style is subdued to an un-English mode of thought. And the whole story, like a gossipping carline, never introduces a new character without a few or a many words about him. Thus after one of Colquhoun's sermons, the story begins telling what the townspeople thought of it, mentions Hogg the Provost, and goes on to Hogg's son Alec and how he and his father once quarrelled, thus:

> Alec said nothing, just looked at his quean, and she and him sniffed, she was real superior, a clerk like Alec himself down in Edinburgh. He'd brought her up on holiday to Segget, he called her his feeungsay, not just his lass: she wouldn't be able to stay for the Show, and if any soul thought that a cause for regret, he'd managed to keep a good grip on himself.

This apparently rambling manner is most skilfully contrived to give a picture of the whole town; its people are brought before us, coarse, narrow, and many of them lewd and cruel; and yet, all in all, a kindly folk beneath their dourness. In "Sunset Song" one felt that Mr. Gibbon, from a natural sentiment toward a passing society, was inclined to claim more admiration for the crofters than by his own showing they deserved; but in "Cloud Howe" he manages the difficult feat of presenting his town with all its faults and filling us with a warm kindness for it; so that we sympathize both with the magnitude of Colquhoun's task in regenerating his people, and with the ardor of his desire to save them. In the two volumes already written, of countryside and small town, this trilogy is an enduring memorial of a land.

On the other hand, it must be said that if the method employed is excellent for sketching in the whole background, it is much less excellent for depicting the principal characters, Chris and Colquhoun, who are always in danger of being lost in the crowd of supernumeraries. Their situation, that of two romantics united in a marriage which has affection, integrity, everything except romance, is one which would repay a searching analysis; but instead of this it really seems as if they were made to go round and round in a mechanical cycle of exaltation, quarrel, tenderness, and then, after a good deal about the minor figures, exaltation again. Nevertheless, this is a fine book, and there is a promise that the next volume will be concerned with Chris's son Ewan, who is growing into so sturdy and straightforward a boy that the author's chosen manner will not be so great a disadvantage in portraying him. In any case, one anticipates with great interest the fulfilment of this work.

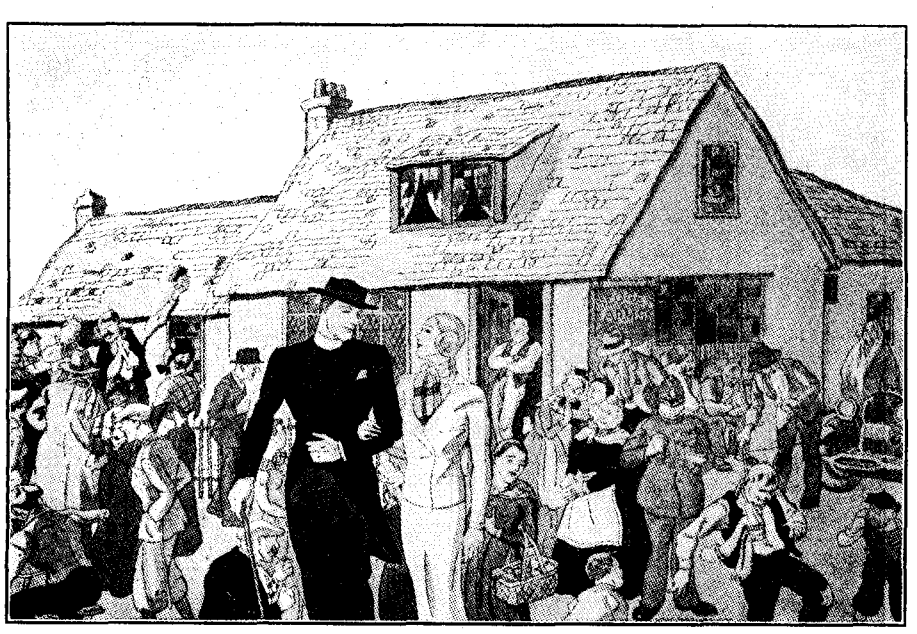
Happy Eccentricity

(Continued from first page)

and a whimsy that disguised an undeviatingly penetrating insight. A tender soul who found it hard to imagine ill, and loved beauty in every form, "modest and irresponsible as a man well may be," Mr. Thompson is no namby-pamby hero, for all his apparent dreaminess and unconventionality, but a rich and sturdy personality.

Miss Keown, indeed, has a happy turn for character portrayal. For all its investiture of fancy and diverting wit, her story presents figures sharply defined that live on after their tale is told. There is almost a touch of Dickens, or so it seems to us, in the depiction of the headmaster, with his complacency, his selfishness, and his ability to find self-justification for any act of expediency which he wishes to square with his conscience. And his wife, with her quick affections and gentle poise, is deftly and sympathetically developed, her charm and goodness made entirely plausible. The minor characters, even those most lightly sketched in, are lifelike and vivacious, while the background of school life is quietly but effectively portrayed.

It will be seen that we like Miss Keown's book very much indeed. We had a grand time reading it. We were entertained by its cleverness, amused by its wit, and touched by its story. Miss Keown has a fertile and original mind, she writes with fluency and frequently with beauty; her satire is piquant, and her mood is sympathetic. We liked her "The Cat Who Saw God" last year immensely, and we like "Mr. Thompson in the Attic" even better. We await her next book with eagerness. But we warn anyone who wants rapid-fire narrative and exciting incident that this is not the book for him.



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "CLOUD HOWE"

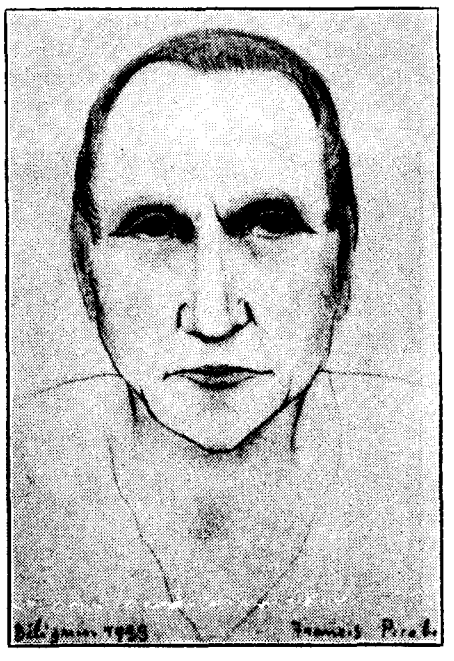
The Making of Gertrude Stein

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by FRANCIS FERGUSSON

THIS is the third of Miss Stein's books to be made available to us within the last year. It follows the "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" and "Three Lives." The dust-cover informs us that it is Miss Stein's longest work, and has been in existence in manuscript and in a small Paris edition since before the war. Mr. Bernard Fay has edited and shortened the present edition, and written a long critical Preface in a rather Steinian manner, which gives one an idea what to look for.

It must be said at once that "The Making of Americans" is oddly moving, and can yield a new pleasure to anyone who is willing to learn Miss Stein's idiom. It is the history of the Hersland and Denning families; of how they came to this country, made their fortunes, had children, and at last came to be "dead ones." As in any long naturalistic novel the facts and the people are there, somewhere; Mr. Fay tells us that it is the story of Miss Stein's own family which lived between Baltimore (called Bridgepoint in the book) and Oakland, California (called Gossols). But Miss Stein's famous English transforms all these real people, shows them to us as though in a wavy mirror. They cease to be inhabitants of our world, and become "young ones" and "old ones" and ones having "family living," and "dependent independent" or "independent dependent." Miss Stein's vision is as eccentric as Swift's; the world she shows us is not the commonsense one, but a map or diagram of it, subtly distorted, but with its own consistency. And her English repeats and imitates the contours of this private universe of hers.



GERTRUDE STEIN
Drawing by Francis Picabia

Miss Stein has a well-known passion for "repeating": she says, "There is always then repeating, always everything is repeating, this is a history of every kind of repeating there is in living, this is then a history of every kind of living." Her prose, you see, musically imitates the repetitiveness of life as she sees it. So a baby will tell himself the same story over and over, with small variations. But the repeated patterns of the different lives are incommensurable, and Miss Stein's world is full of mystery and anarchy: "This is then the real meaning of not being any longer a young one in living, the complete realizing that not any one really can believe what any other one is believing."

As Mr. Fay well says, Miss Stein's book fills one with ideas. It makes one want to "place it"; but the attempt is dangerous. There are now so many private universes in literature that no one can see how they fit together. Besides, Miss Stein warns one off by divesting her work of all tradition, to the very point of inventing her own language. Here is a prose from which all the suggestiveness, many of the familiar denotations, and all the commonsense light have been removed. The words are English, but they are used in a special limited sense like the technical vocabulary of some new science. She would never call a spade a spade; she would invent a phrase that would turn it into a diagram of itself.

But there must be some others, who, like the present reviewer, can understand Miss Stein better in terms of her origins. It helps me to know that Miss Stein was a great admirer of William James; knowing that I seem to see on every page the influence of the author of "A Pluralistic Universe" and "Radical Empiricism." I understand her better on learning from her autobiography that Flaubert taught her to make patterns out of lives which have for her no other significance. I see that this book, wherein irresponsible middle-class individualism is everything, could only have been written, even by Miss Stein, before the war. It has the humor, the skepticism, the frantic desire for independence, the worldliness combined with a freedom from worldly and money worries, which now seem a little old-fashioned. Miss Stein is for me the Benjamin Franklin of the Paris international art colony, and it is fitting that the French biographer of the father of the American middle class should introduce "The Making of Americans" to us.

Francis Fergusson, recently executive secretary of The New School for Social Research, has just been appointed to the faculty of Bennington College.

Apprentices to Life

THE WELL OF DAYS. By Ivan Bunin. Translated from the Russian by Gleb Struve and Hamish Miles. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELVINE S. ADAMS

IT is difficult to convey to those who have not read him, especially in his own Russian, the sensitiveness poetic quality of Bunin's writing. This book of his is not merely a novel or autobiography which it so evidently ..., ... is much more than that. It is a moving study of a human soul unfolding through childhood, adolescence, and youth—of its ordinary relationships to life in general, its normal reactions to sorrow and joy, to love and death.

The conditions of life and the atmosphere in which the young Arseniev grew up (he is plainly Bunin himself) are purely Russian, one might even say provincial Russian. For Bunin writes of that Russia where every country squire particularly felt the power of his position, his birth which placed him far above the people dwelling in nearby villages and small towns. Yet his emotions and reactions to everyday life might be called universal. The typically Russian background of the book might mislead a foreign reader by its very objectiveness, yet if we stop to reflect on our own personal life, any one of us must find much in our own experiences that is essentially similar to those of Arseniev.

Growing up in a peaceful, quiet home, surrounded by natural beauty, the supersensitive soul of Arseniev expanded and responded vibrantly to every chord and aspect of life about him. It is in the piercingly sensitive way that Bunin records this emotional and mental awakening that his book has its true value as literature. I shall not quote any particular passage from "The Well of Days" because it is difficult to take any from its context. The whole book is shot through with beauty, and especially when Bunin dwells on nature. From the beginning to the end we feel the touch of a true poet and his spiritual oneness with the natural world about him.

Beyond this personal history of a soul, the novel describes the life of the family of a comfortably well-off landowner, whose youngest son tells the story. His precocious development and his inquisitiveness as to the meaning of life made the young Arseniev look about him with particular attentiveness, which the reader is made to feel by his descriptions of his immediate family and of their few neighbors, and in fact, of all the persons he came in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contact with. I doubt whether Bunin intended his book to be anything but reminiscence, but he has nevertheless given us an extraordinary picture of Russia in the last century, not limiting it only to his home environment. We get glimpses of customs, of the decay of estates, of the peasantry, and the city dwellers. We are introduced to the liberals, dreaming ineffectually of a new Russia, and for whom Bunin seems not to have had much respect and in whom he had but little belief.

Fortunately the translators have managed to convey the atmosphere and feeling of the book, although their version cannot be called completely satisfactory. Some of the book's beauties in the original it is practically impossible to render adequately in English, and others, occasionally, have escaped the translators.

In appraising Bunin's book Elvine Adams is projecting it against the background of her own knowledge, since she is of Russian birth.

A Tale of the Yukon

THE WORLD IS YOURS. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON

WHEN a book is billed as "a powerful novel of the Yukon" one necessarily has misgivings. Nor is there anything reassuring about the title and jacket of "The World is Yours." Suspecting the taint of Hollywood one prepares grimly for handsome Mounties, for a stalwart, blizzard-battling hero, and for all the paraphernalia of the Jack London school of fiction. The paraphernalia is, indeed, present—but the use Miss Lancaster has made of it is another thing again. No doubt the readers of "Pageant," her novel of Tasmania, will understand why.

As the author intends, there is a legendary quality about the story of MacDonald's Tamsin and Kirk Regard, and the girl is consciously presented as a kind of earth goddess closely linked in spirit to the vast Yukon silences and the brooding Yukon hills. These two play out their drama against a background of rude, wild beauty; they are children of the wilderness both, and of the crude little boom towns which the waning of the gold rush left desolate and lonely. They were reared on the tall tales of old trappers and prospectors, and as youngsters they knew Dawson City when it was still gay with saloons and teeming with roisterous life.

During a spring and summer on the Kanana, blazing with incredible color, Kirk and Tamsin fell in love. Both gloriously robust and handsome, they were like young gods together. Kirk, however, lacked Tamsin's single-minded simplicity and generosity. He doubted his ability to live up to her; he still dreamed of other, lecherous loves. What really parted them, however, was a threat that an undetected murder committed by Kirk would finally come to light. He fled, giving Tamsin no explanation for his desertion and leaving her to face scandal and gossip. Muddled and cruelly misguided she marries the elderly man who is responsible for Kirk's final arrest, and the drama moves inexorably on to an ending which it would hardly be fair to reveal.

Such a retelling of the plot does scant justice to a book which depends largely for its effect on atmosphere and style. Miss Lancaster writes an astonishingly vigorous and lovely prose, rich but not ornate, melodious but not high-flown. Each description of Yukon scenery and Yukon life is better than the last, and the two camping episodes have all the magic of poetry. The characters also are real: Tamsin's elderly husband with his tortured, devious mind; Kirk himself; old Mat, the ex-saloon keeper, who turns religious and adopts as his guides Samuel Butler and William Blake. Unfortunately the book falls down at the end, when it becomes too consciously noble, and the ultimate fate of Kirk and Tamsin is unsatisfactory—an evasion of their logical destiny. "The World is Yours" is, however, a romantic love story of very superior quality, far too well written to be classed merely as another red-blooded tale of the adventurous North.

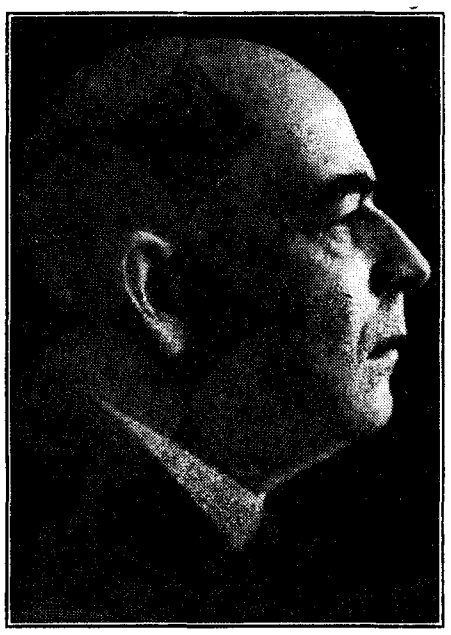
Spengler's Fascist Manifesto

THE HOUR OF DECISION. Part One: Germany and World-Historical Evolution. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

A DISTINGUISHED American publicist, reviewing Spengler's "Decline of the West," said: "Even if most of his analogies are indefensible and his conclusions wrong, still his 'Decline' is a great work. . . . Yet it cannot be denied that it is full of holes, logical impossibilities, and contradictions." Nevertheless he declared that the high qualities of the book "make it a call to debate that cannot be ignored."

What Professor Beard said of "The Decline of the West" he might with equal truth say of "The Hour of Decision." And with what he said I have no fault to find except as regards the call to debate. The book is stirring, eloquent, powerful; but it is not debatable. There is hardly a page which does not contain some sweeping pontifical pronouncement, of which the basis lies in the inner depths of Spengler's personal *Weltanschauung,* and not in any evidence sufficiently definite or important to be worth analyzing or rebutting.



OSWALD SPENGLER

It may be, for example, that Spengler is right when he declares that "Man is a beast of prey"; but, right or wrong, how are we to combat the assertion? There it stands, backed by several picturesque rhetorical sentences, but not otherwise fortified except by Spengler's declaration, "I shall say it again and again." Even as regards the tremendous conclusion towards which the book is directed, and which furnishes the key to its title, it would be utterly unprofitable to attempt to prove that Spengler is wrong. For nobody can be half so sure that white civilization will not be destroyed by the growing dominance of the colored races as Spengler is that, unless it turns back to the heroic ideals of its barbarian past, it will be so destroyed.

Not that there would be any difficulty in showing how far from sound are many of his leading arguments, and how far from accurate are many of his statements of fact. The trouble is that no follower of Spengler would admit that the validity of his message depends on the soundness of his argumentation or the correctness of his statements of fact. He is an oracle, a prophet; and even the coldest critic must acknowledge that the book makes a deep impress upon the mind through its spiritual power as a whole, however defective may be any or all of its parts.

Spengler attacks with a demonic fervor all the dominant ideas of modern liberal civilization. His ideal is represented by the word "Prussian." This word he uses not as meaning an attribute possessed by all Prussians or denied to all non-Prussians, but as designating a fundamental trait of character which he pronounces essential to the greatness, or even the preservation, of any nation worth thinking about. What that trait is cannot easily be stated in a definition; it involves, however, above all, a subordination of every softer impulse of mankind to the stern duty of rigorous discipline, the readiness to sacrifice both oneself and others to the welfare and greatness of the state, and the trampling under foot of all aspirations towards a sweeter world in which force shall count for less than it has counted for in the past. All such aspirations are scorned as idle dreams, not only futile but pernicious, since they make impossible a wholehearted devotion to the principles which must govern a state if it is to maintain its existence and greatness in this world of relentless struggle. What we used to call *Kultur* in the days of the Great War is pretty nearly what Spengler means by Prussianism; but what we detested he adores.

The style, always strong and clear, frequently rises to great rhetorical power; the richness and abundance of the historical parallels which are cited to enforce the moral, will make a deep impression on many readers; and so will the author's unquestioning faith in the soundness of his doctrine. But those who have some intellectual background and keep their heads level will see that the argument from the historical parallels is shallow, and will find in the unquestioning faith a reason for doubt rather than assent. Viewed in cold blood, the argument from the parallels is merely a somewhat glorified version of the vulgar doctrine that history repeats itself; Spengler nowhere attempts to answer the simple question whether the parallels are not invalidated by the stupendous changes that differentiate the present age of the world from any past era. He looks forward to the certainty of a series of world wars, extending through a hundred years or more, without any examination of the probable character of those wars.

In a book like this, minute accuracy would be a fault rather than a virtue, for it would clog the flight of the author's winged words. But in Spengler we have not merely inaccuracy but recklessness. He pictures the sinister aspects of the modern time—of which quite enough could be truthfully said—in such extravagant fashion as to weaken, not strengthen, the indictment. And on almost every subject that he treats incidentally—on such topics, for example, as the cause of the present depression, the doctrine of Malthus, present conditions in the United States—he "delivers brawling judgments unashamed." This, of course, does not spring from "blind and naked ignorance"; but it does spring from the spiritual pride of a man who thinks himself charged with an apocalyptic mission. The book is strong meat; but it is rhapsody, not reasoning.

Allan Monkhouse on Russia

(*Continued from first page*)

States just after, it was England and Englishmen who laid the foundations of Russian industry. Even until the Bolshevik revolution there was a proverb which was well-known all over the country: "There is no church without its pope [priest], there is no mill without its Knoop [pronounced like Pope]." Knoop was the millionaire firm which made its fortune by importing Lancashire textile machinery —and Lancashire men to run it. They were a fine class—honest, solid, incorruptible men who stood no nonsense, who worked hard, and who, even when England was unpopular politically, got on remarkably well with the Russian people.

Allan Monkhouse had been through this school and, although he has no particular talent for telling a story, he is interesting and instructive when he is telling his own. His remarks on the Russian working man, his comparison between pre-war and post-war industry in Russia, his appraisal of the Five Year Plan, are made with almost judicial impartiality and are by no means unfavorable to the present régime in Russia. One feels that he is a man who likes Russian life and who has therefore done his best to understand it in its Bolshevik form. Considering what he has been through, he shows no rancour against the men who arrested him.

He is less successful when he deals with subjects which are beyond the range of his special horizon, and his platitudes on religious persecution and other Bolshevik irregularities are a little tedious. They leave the impression that the author has suddenly recollected that he has been too fair to men whom the majority of middle-class Englishmen still regard as unclean, and then rushes back to blacken his picture with a savage daub or two.

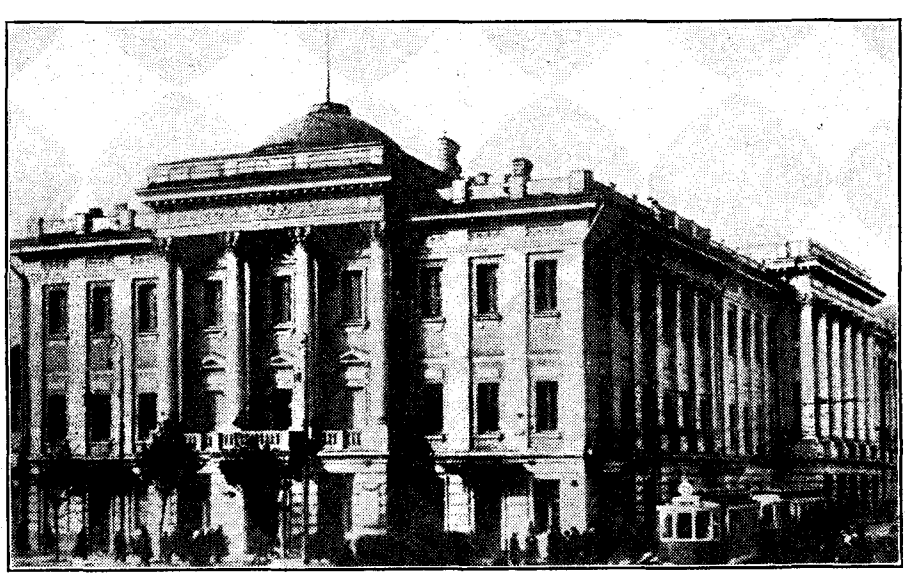
It is, however, on the subject of the trial that Mr. Monkhouse is most disappointing. His account of his arrest is graphic enough, but on the trial itself he throws no new light. He takes the official view that it was an Ogpu "frame-up" to divert attention from the constant breakdowns of machinery due to Russian incompetence. He praises the British officials whose grasp of the situation frustrated the efforts of the Ogpu "to bring the frame-up trial to a conclusion which would have been more satisfactory to their own prestige."

This is balderdash, and it is hard to believe that Mr. Monkhouse can subscribe to this story with a whole conscience. Even in England it is today painfully obvious to the dullest intellect that the Ogpu finished the trial to their entire satisfaction and that, as far as the honors of propaganda were concerned, the Bolsheviks scooped the lot. But the initial blunder which rendered the trial inevitable was made, not by the British employees of Metropolitan Vickers in Russia, but by the British Foreign Office and by the British Ambassador. Abler diplomacy would have averted without much difficulty an episode which brought little credit to British prestige.

Mr. Litvinoff was anxious to avoid a trial and was prepared to go some way to secure his end, but the initial British attitude made compromise impossible.

On the trial Mr. Monkhouse is therefore unsatisfactory. I cannot resist the feeling that he would have written a better book if he had not been and was not still in the employ of his firm.

R. H. Bruce Lockhart, as readers of "British Agent" will know, is admirably equipped to write not only of Russia in its outward manifestations but also in its secret activities.



THE HALL OF NOBLES, MOSCOW
Where the trial of the British engineers took place

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

The Folder

ADVENTURES OF A COLLECTRIX

SIR:—I was accompanying my husband some months ago, on a brief lecturing trip in Pennsylvania, and while he talked to the C. of C. in C—— I amused myself in the upstairs lounge of a most attractive little Inn where we were staying, and there on an open shelf, among other books, for all and any to admire, yes, and to pilfer, was my long-coveted copy of "———." That book is as scarce as hens' proverbial teeth, and costs altogether too much money—and there, right before my covetous eyes, was this little green and gold book that I'd been longing for, for years. I'm a Puritan descendant, and never before in my life had I been so urged to theft: the book was small, my pockets capacious, and I was unobserved—but, mark you, I resisted. I sat there awhile, caressing the temptation, and then jumped up and ran downstairs to the desk, where I begged to be allowed to purchase the book. The clerk was not encouraging. It belonged to Mr. H——, the proprietor of the Inn, and he didn't think it could be bought. He consented, however, to telephone Mr. H—— and ascertain his will in the matter. The answer was an uncompromising refusal. I returned to the lounge, put the book back, and sat there brooding. All desire for lunch left me; I was possessed by one overwhelming urge, and that was, by hook or crook, to take the "———" home with me. It was too late for the crook, but was there not, somewhere, a hook—and with what could it be baited? I roamed disconsolately about the lounge—picked up the book again—and then deliberately hid it! I don't know why, except for a sort of dog-in-the-manger rage that possessed me.

As I sat there biting my fingers I saw a tall man walking through the hall, and without taking time to consider, sprang to my feet and accosted him thus: "Are you by any chance Mr. H——?" To my relief, he confirmed my hope. I told him I had been admiring the lounge, the corner cupboards filled with early glass and china, the old Windsor chairs, the admirable taste showed in the decorations, etc. To all this appreciation he showed a maddening indifference. I then led up to the subject of books. What an interesting and surprising collection there was upon his shelves. I was very much interested in books, but especially in ———, and there happened to be in his possession one volume which I very much wished to own but had not been fortunate enough to have acquired. Could he not be persuaded to part with it—for a consideration? No, no, he wasn't interested in selling books. They were just there for the use of his guests. (I could have bitten him with the keenest of pleasure.)

"But aren't you afraid of their being stolen," I persisted, "especially the ———? It's so small, you know, and the shelves are open." He really was the most stubborn and bored person I'd ever seen. He plainly thought a lunatic had cornered him and he wanted to escape without arousing any violence in the creature. It would have been terribly amusing had it not, to me, partaken in some degree of tragedy. Nothing moved him, and I almost lost my temper. "Well, I've hidden your old book," I announced defiantly, "and now I almost wish I'd pocketed it; nobody would have been the wiser." Incidentally, he was a nice fellow, but fearfully diffident, and I rather gathered that women were his pet aversion. My outburst moved him, however. He demanded to know where the book was, and reluctantly and, be it confessed, somewhat shamefacedly, I showed him.

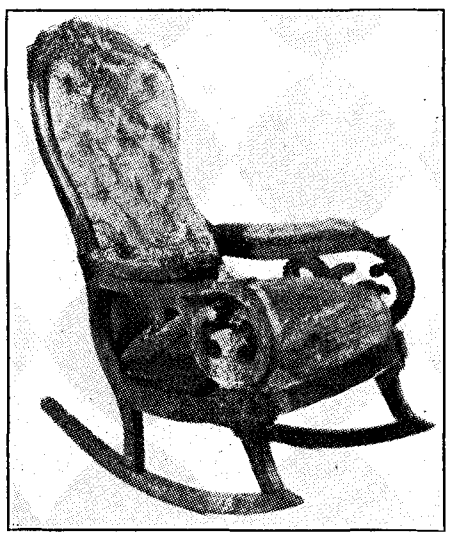
And all of a sudden he became more than kind; really superbly magnanimous. "I'll tell you what," he said, "now that I think of it, there was a book removed from the shelves once, a book I particularly valued—a copy of 'Historic Inns on the Lancaster Roadway,' and I've never been able to locate another." I nearly fell on his neck and kissed him, but with admirable presence of mind restrained my emotion to demand, "But what if some one steals it in the meantime?" "Well, to satisfy you, I'll put it in the safe."

That was over three months ago. It has taken me all this time to procure a copy of the wretched "Inns." Last week I obtained one and straightway wrote to Mr. H———, who mailed me the ——— and wrote me a most appreciative letter upon receipt of the "Inns"—which really was a very nice book.

P. H. W.

New Jersey.

Auction catalogues are often exciting, but I remember few with such a painful thrill as the Anderson Gallery booklet of some years ago which listed the chair in which Abraham Lincoln was sitting when he was shot at Ford's Theatre. It was a black walnut rocking chair, upholstered in red damask, described as "worn, blood-stained and water-stained." The chair, said the sale catalogue, had been taken from Mr. Ford's house to the theatre for the special use of Mr. Lincoln. The furnishings of the private box where the tragedy occurred were bought by the War Department in 1902 and shown at the Smithsonian Institution, but the chair was never put on exhibition. I do not know who is its present owner.



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT

THE TWO MORIARTIES

SIR:—"Gasogene" is right—damn him!—about the date of Queen Victoria's death. I had hoped that the error (discovered in the publishers' office just too late to correct) would escape public notice. It is being corrected in the second edition, now printing; and the London edition (Nicholson & Watson) will not carry it—I have attended to that.

Before Miss Priscilla Anderson (of Smith College) writes to the Baker Street Irregulars about me, I hasten to expose another error, and present a very curious problem. Miss Anderson points out, in a charming letter, that on page 141 of *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, I assert that neither Holmes nor Watson knew that Moriarty's name was Robert—the name given him by William Gillette in the stage play, *Sherlock Holmes*. Whereas, Miss Anderson reminds me, both Holmes and Watson knew the professor's name very well indeed; it was James, as recorded in the *Adventure of the Empty House*, along toward the end of which episode Holmes remarks that "Professor James Moriarty . . . had one of the great brains of the century."

The communication upset me more than, in my reply, I allowed Miss Anderson to suspect. But tracing back the source of my error, and finding it, I have come upon the curious problem referred to. My error arose from a line in the first paragraph of *The Final Problem*, in which it is set forth by Watson that his hand has been forced . . . "by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother."

We have then the unique problem of the Moriarty brothers, James and James, both clearly of record.

When was the Doctor right—when he wrote that line in *The Final Problem* or when he quoted Holmes in *The Empty House*? It may be argued that Watson, at the time of the earlier episode, was distraught; writing, as he was, of his friend's death (as he supposed) in Switzerland: yet at such a time would he not have been particularly careful? And it is to be remembered that he was also distraught at the time of the *Adventure of the Empty House:* he had just received his friend back from the dead!

Which occasion would be more likely to plunge him into error—death or resurrection?

Or were there really two brothers Moriarty, each of them named James?

Chicago. VINCENT STARRETT.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Of course it is for the study of just such savory problems that the BAKER STREET IRREGULARS propose to meet together. One of the most soundly documented Holmesians now comes forward with a suggested Constitution for the club. It runs as follows:—

ARTICLE I

The name of this society shall be the Baker Street Irregulars.

ARTICLE II

Its purpose shall be the study of the Sacred Writings.

ARTICLE III

All persons shall be eligible for membership who pass an examination in the Sacred Writings set by officers of the society, and who are considered otherwise suitable.

ARTICLE IV

The officers shall be: a Gasogene, a Tantalus, and a Commissionaire.

The duties of the Gasogene shall be those commonly performed by a President.

The duties of the Tantalus shall be those commonly performed by a Secretary.

The duties of the Commissionaire shall be to telephone down for ice, White Rock, and whatever else may be required and available; to conduct all negotiations with waiters; and to assess the members pro rata for the cost of same.

BUY LAWS

(1) An annual meeting shall be held on January 6th, at which those toasts shall be drunk which were published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 27th, 1934; after which the members shall drink at will.

(2) The current round shall be bought by any member who fails to identify, by title of story and context, any quotation from the Sacred Writings submitted by any other member.

Qualification A.—If two or more members fail so to identify, a round shall be bought by each of those so failing.

Qualification B.—If the submitter of the quotation, upon challenge, fails to identify it correctly, he shall buy the round.

(3) Special meetings may be called at any time or any place by any one of three members, two of whom shall constitute a quorum.

Qualification A.—If said two are of opposite sexes, they shall use care in selecting the place of meeting, to avoid misinterpretation (or interpretation either, for that matter).

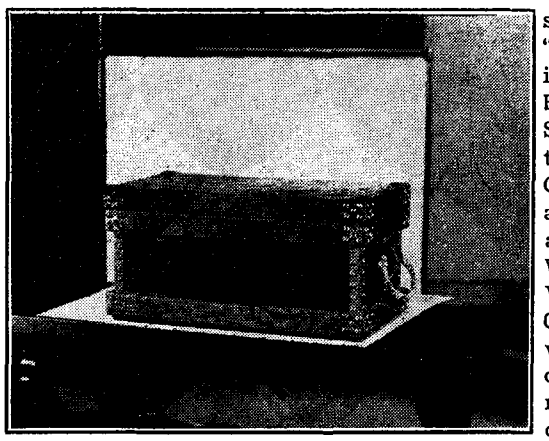
Qualification B.—If such two persons of opposite sexes be clients of the Personal Column of the SATURDAY REVIEW, the foregoing does not apply; such persons being presumed to let their consciences be their guides.

(4) All other business shall be left for the monthly meeting.

(5) There shall be no monthly meeting.

ELMER DAVIS.

Another nautical picture which has drifted into the Folder is Captain Howard Hartman's sea chest, made by him from what he describes as a "portable cabinet" used by Robert Louis Stevenson aboard the schooners *Casco*, *Equator* and *Tiahieva* and at his home on Waikiki Beach. We forgot to ask Captain Hartman what kind of a cabinet. At any rate it was discarded by R. L. S. aboard the *Tiahieva*, where Hartman served as mate. Captain Hartman refabricated the material as the photo shows.



CAPTAIN HARTMAN'S SEA CHEST

THE BOSWELL PAPERS

The last two volumes (17 and 18) of the great *Boswell Papers* are now in the hands of the fortunate subscribers, thus completing (except for the Index volume now in compilation) this extraordinary work. It is a lasting monument of human comedy and one looks forward with eagerness to its eventual publication in popular form also. It is a monument not only to Boswell himself but to the owner of the documents (Colonel Ralph Isham), the printer (William Edwin Rudge), and the editors and experts who collaborated. After the lamented death of Geoffrey Scott, Professor Frederick A. Pottle took charge. the Acknowledgments rendered l fessor Pottle in the final volume markable tribute to one of the youngest of 18th-century scholars:—

"To Helen Cohan" (says Professor Pottle) "I acknowledge indebtedness that amounts to co-editorship. Every word in these 18 volumes has passed under her scrutiny. She reads Boswell's hand better than anyone else in the world, and she can read it through any number of layers of superimposed ink. I think that it will be of interest to the subscribers to know that after six years of work on the Boswell Papers, she is still only 24 years old."

SPICED ROUND

SIR:—We have here at Nashville a noble dish known as *Spiced Round*, which appears on the market every Christmas, and then only. It is prepared by the butchers from large cross-sections of rounds of beef. Holes are bored into the meat and these holes filled with ropes of suet which have been rolled in spices. The meat is then pickled in brine and cooked by boiling in a tight muslin bag. It is served cold in thin slices, and the pink meat, begemmed with the little circles of spiced suet, is a dish for the gods.

I have heard all my life that spiced round is peculiar to Nashville, but I have also been told that it is known and served in Philadelphia. Did you ever encounter it there?

STANLEY F. HORN.

Nashville, Tenn.

No, our only experience with that worthy viand was in Nashville, at a lunch in Uncle Alfred's cabin at The Hermitage (Andrew Jackson's old home). And our first thought was, what a nice title *Spiced Round* would be for a book of poems (or essays) by one of the many young writers of Tennessee.

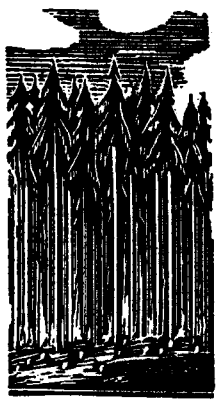
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The late Stella Benson, according to *John O'London's Weekly*, packed much adventure into her life. She wandered over Mexico, shot tigers in India, narrowly escaped death in a West Indian earthquake, did X-ray work in a Pekin hospital, and ran a shop in Hoxton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIREWEED

BY MILDRED WALKER



Celie and Joe are the young people, the new generation that has sprung up like fireweed in the country of "the giants in the earth." Like their elders they love their tall pines and their storm-tossed lake. But they also have radios, movies, flivvers—and restless dreams of the big cities. In the story of their marriage, their children, and their home-making, FIREWEED catches the whole spirit of their small, vibrant world. A novel that is deeply human and compelling, it introduces a genuinely fine young American writer.

With six illustrations, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

FIREWEED

Announcing

THREE NEW PLAYS

with typically Shavian prefaces which for their wit, timeliness and plain-speaking thoroughly merit being *read* as well as seen

BY

BERNARD SHAW

- **Too True To Be Good** — A Political Extravaganza
- **Village Wooing** — A Comediettina in Two Voices
- **On the Rocks** — A Political Comedy
- **Two Prefaces** — On democracy under dictatorship and On extermination of undesirables.

Uniform library edition. 343 pages. $2.50

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 4th Ave., N. Y.

AN AMERICAN BOOKSHELF: 1755

By LAWRENCE C. WROTH

An informal but bibliographically complete survey of American books in print during this significant period, with appendices giving full publication details of ten of the most important volumes in the group. 191 pages, $2.50

The AESTHETICS of WILLIAM HAZLITT

By ELISABETH SCHNEIDER

A shrewd interpretation of the formation and character of Hazlitt's thought, with particular emphasis on the influence of Coleridge. *"Should advance Hazlitt's prestige as a critic well beyond the point to which it has already arrived."*—NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE. 200 pages, $2.00

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ELIZABETHAN DEDICATIONS and PREFACES

Edited by CLARA L. GEBERT

One hundred samples of Elizabethan virtuosity from *Tottel's Miscellany* to the last folio of Shakespeare's plays. *"Endlessly pleasant reading . . . elegantly printed and bound."*—WASHINGTON POST. Frontispiece, 302 pages, $3.00

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

Literary Pioneer

By JOHN D. KERN

The life and writings of a talented and prominent writer of the 1870s and 80s, who was one of the first to make literary use of American sectional backgrounds, with a bibliography of her works. Frontispiece, 196 pages, $2.50

Complete information on request

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: PHILADELPHIA

A Controversy of Science and Faith

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND WILLIAM FROUDE, F. R. S.: A Correspondence. Edited by Gordon Huntington Harper. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THIS volume, the product of scholarship and discrimination, and beautifully printed and bound, is certain to be of interest to three groups of readers.

The first is of those who are interested in the man, John Henry Newman. Increasingly he stands out as one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century —not only a master of style and a skilled dialectician but also of singular sincerity, charm, and strength of character. Any letters which reveal him more clearly, as these do, are welcome. His correspondence was voluminous. There are 70,000 letters on file at Edgbaston alone; but few, surely, can be as charming as these to and from the scientist and sceptic who was one of his best-loved friends.

Secondly, the letters back and forth show how beautiful a thing controversy may be between gentlemen. Here were two great minds which, from a common start at Oriel, diverged more and more as years went on. Each felt obliged to seek to correct what he deemed the serious mistakes of the other. Neither succeeded, though indirectly Newman triumphed, inasmuch as one by one Froude's wife and children came to believe their father mistaken, and joined Newman's Church. Despite the personal grief Froude felt at this, he still continued the friend of him whom he deemed wrong in his whole approach to the problem of finality in truth. Such a correspondence seems next to impossible between Americans, especially of today, for we are wont to love only those who agree with us; and avoid controversy with those for whom we care, lest we cease to care for those with whom we have controversy. How much more noble these men were! Both stand out as great gentlemen, and their friendship—unsentimental, full of a deep respect which prevents the sacrifice of integrity—is both classical in purity and also motivated by religion, in the best sense of the word. Mr. Harper has felt this; and by skill in editing and restraint in comment, he has skillfully revealed it.

Thirdly, the nature of the controversy is important. Is religious truth absolutely to be known, or is a scientific scepticism in regard to dogma a necessity? Froude was a very great scientist, not at all irreligious, indeed a theist, but a true sceptic, even about science. He has a quiet and proper contempt for scientists who believe in the finality of alleged "scientific laws." Probability is the only guide. Can Newman explain why such a mode of thought is not correct in religion? Newman saw the importance of the problem as few Roman Catholics have ever seen it; the "Grammar of Assent" is his answer to Froude. Without Froude's opposition it would not have been written. That it is an inadequate reply, seems plain enough now; but it was a step toward an apologetic in the development of which long strides have been taken since the Cardinal died—particularly under the patronage of Cardinal Mercier. Nowadays, unhappily, the camps to be reconciled are little given to one another's society. The Froudes and the Newmans no longer speak enough to one another. Froude was an eminent scientist, deeply interested in theology; Newman a theologian vastly concerned with the significance of scientific method. The play of mind on mind in these letters is, therefore, of a significance greater than personal.

Further, the letters reveal Newman forging out the early draft of what later, under challenge, was to be the "Apologia." One *sees* him "going to Rome." As never before, one understands the dark and difficult road he had to tread. And finally, one gets new corroboration of his opposition to the defining of Papal Infallibility, and his sense of what really was involved therein, in a letter to Mrs. Froude shortly before the Vatican Council: "If anything could throw religion into confusion, make sceptics, encourage scoffers, it will be the definition of this doctrine." One feels that Newman did understand the scientific mind. It was largely Froude's difficulties which impelled the Cardinal to his opposition to the Vatican decree.

Oxford on Money

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY. By nine economists from Oxford. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN STRACHEY

LIKE all books either written or planned by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the present volume is both informative and well designed. When the reader has finished it he will have a pretty good idea of what the younger generation of British economists is thinking about.

For although the book was designed to deal exclusively with monetary problems, its authors found that they were soon involved in a statement of their general economic position. Of some of them, at any rate, it would not be unfair to say that, intending to write a treatise on money, all they have achieved is a description of modern financial practice in Britain, America, and Germany. Now an account of how the British commercial banking system works, and a comparison of it with the American, French, and German systems, such as Mr. Radice gives us in Chapter V; a corresponding account of central banking by Mr. Harrod; of foreign trade and exchanges by Mr. Vallance; and of the long-term capital market in different advanced capitalist countries by Mr. Mitchison, will all no doubt be useful to business men who need some acquaintance with modern banking and financial practice. But they throw very much less light than might be supposed on the crucial economic problems which face the world today.

Nearly all the readers of Mr. Cole's book will come to it with one pressing question in their minds. Though they may not have formulated it quite clearly, what in fact they will want to know is whether these experts believe that our present economic system, viz., of the private ownership of the means of production and the exchange of the products by means of the market through the medium of money, can continue to function without catastrophe. They will want to know whether the present and undeniable troubles of the world are due to incidental faults in this system, which can be put right by appropriate reforms: they will want to know in particular if they are due to a defective functioning of the monetary system which can be put right by proper changes in central banking or commercial banking technique. They will want to know, in a word, whether it is the defective functioning of money that is upsetting capitalism, or whether, on the contrary, there are inherent defects in capitalism itself which are upsetting the functioning of money.

These questions are of the utmost importance. For, if it is true, as all schools of monetary reformers (such as the economists who now direct the policy of the American Government, for example) allege, that the appalling crashes of capitalism are not due to the private ownership of the means of production itself, but to an incidental and remediable defect in the functioning of money, then no one but a lunatic would advocate the difficult and far-reaching process of dispossessing the capitalists. For, in that case a simple monetary remedy, which would not excite a tithe of the opposition, would be available.

But if, on the other hand, present monetary disorders are but the symptoms of fundamental troubles caused by the fact of private ownership itself, then to spend our energies in attempting to abolish the symptoms while leaving the cause of the disease completely untouched, would be a dreadful waste of human effort.

Inevitably these are the questions which we must ask any group of economists who consider themselves qualified

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to write about money. Unfortunately the present volume gives us no clear answer to these questions. Mr. G. D. H. Cole himself, who contributes four out of the twelve chapters, has certainly nothing definite to tell us. In some places he writes as if he still considered that monetary disorders were the cause of the trouble; in others, as if he considered that they were merely symptomatic.

No doubt Mr. Cole has a justification of these apparent contradictions. True to his basic belief in the possibility of reforming capitalism out of existence and socialism into existence, he considers that the creation of a planned and controlled monetary system would be a part, merely, of the gradual creation of a planned economy as a whole, under which the means of production would pass gradually from private to public hands. Apart altogether from the difficulty which many people feel in believing in the practical and political possibility of this prospect, there are important theoretical considerations which Mr. Cole and his school overlook. The whole group of writers and public men, composed both of "moderate" socialists and "progressive" capitalists, who point us along this "gradualist" path, appear to have little appreciation of the sharply contradictory character of an exchange economy on the one hand and a planned economy on the other They appear entirely to overlook the fact that the introduction of "planned," that is to say, fixed, non-competitive, elements into an exchange economy, far from tending to produce stability and an approximation to a planned economy, actually produces far worse disequilibria than before. The elements of so-called planning which capitalism produces always thinly disguise the growth of private monopoly. The hybrid between an exchange, or market, economy and a planned economy turns out to be not the pleasant half-way house of gradualistic socialism, combining the benefits of both, but the monstrous and pernicious system of monopoly—capitalism, or imperialism, which possesses the advantages of neither.

These comments must not be held to apply, however, to at least one of the papers in the present volume, that on "Money and Prices," by Mr. E. F. M. Durbin. This paper (and to some extent the one which follows it) is on a far higher intellectual level than the rest of the book. Mr. Durbin has a clear appreciation of at any rate part of the nature of an exchange economy. He is alive to some, at any rate, of the real characteristics of capitalism, and his statement of one version of the views of the latest school of capitalist economists is valuable. American readers will be especially interested in his clear analysis of the effects which must be expected from a policy of attempting to stabilize the price level in advanced capitalist countries, such as France, Britain, or America. For this, as Mr. Durbin notices, is the policy of the present American administration, acting under the guidance of Professor Irving Fisher and the younger school of economists in America.

Mr. Durbin gives an admirable, though necessarily short, summary of the analysis, worked out by Professor Hayek and others, of the effect which in such conditions a monetary policy, designed to prevent the general price level from dropping, must have. He shows, quite conclusively, that such a policy may well produce a boom of quite unprecedented violence. But if so, it will be followed by an equally unprecedented crash. The main though by no means the only reason for this is a simple one. In modern conditions, owing to technological advance, the real costs of production are continually dropping. Hence, if by any means you succeeded in keeping up prices, manufacturers will make ever increasing profits (since they can sell the goods they now produce more cheaply, at the old price). But this ever increasing flow of profits will quickly produce, through a series of reactions which can be traced in detail, the most violent boom conceivable.

Nor is this a piece of academic reasoning unsupported by experience. On the contrary, this policy of maintaining a stable price level has been tried very recently, in America, and it produced precisely these results. For confirmation of this within the covers of the present volume, the reader should turn to Mr. Harrod's article on "Currency and Central Banking." Mr. Harrod there describes very accurately the policy pursued by the Federal Reserve Banks in 1922-1929. As he says, the Federal Reserve system had at that time so much gold that it did not have to worry about external considerations. "Consequently," he writes,

> they were able to concentrate their attention on providing a monetary system which could satisfy internal needs. This was an ideal situation. The banks used the opportunity to make the experiment of pursuing a policy designed to secure stability. With the monetary system so managed the country enjoyed an unprecedented degree of prosperity. The situation has now sadly changed.

Mr. Harrod's last sentence is comically lame. What really happened was, of course, that from 1922 to 1929 the American banks put into full and perfectly successful practice, Mr. Roosevelt's present policy of maintaining a stable price level. And the result was a sky-high boom and then the present crash (or, as Mr. Harrod puts it, "an unprecedented degree of prosperity," and then "a sad change"). It is a pity that Mr. Harrod does not seem to have taken the trouble to read Mr. Durbin's article. Mr. Durbin himself has his own little panacea by which capitalism is to be made to work smoothly—a panacea as impossible to apply, and as useless even if applied, as any other. But at any rate, he can give a clear analysis and refutation of the panaceas of his colleagues.

There is no space left to comment adequately on Mr. Gaitskell's useful paper on "Four Monetary Heretics" in which this able young economist painstakingly contrasts and refutes the fallacies of four important "currency cranks," Major Douglas, Professor Soddy, Silvio Gesell, and Robert Eisler. This chapter should be "required reading" for anyone who talks about "social credit."

Announcing

Literary Digest Books

$2.50

$2.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THESE are the first of a new line of non-fiction books which will be published with the imprint of the world's most widely read news magazine. *Literary Digest Books* will embrace history, biography, autobiography, economics, popular science, travel and outstanding topics of the day. The reading of a Literary Digest Book is the acquirement of KNOWLEDGE by the ENTERTAINMENT route.

THE BLACK EAGLE
By M. CORYN

A thrilling story of high adventure, uncovering the career of Bertrand du Guesclin, the Sword of France and predecessor of Jeanne d'Arc. The setting for this historical drama might have been taken from Conan Doyle's "White Company" or Stevenson's "Black Arrow." Acclaimed by Lloyd George as one of the six best recent books. Price $2.75.

HERE ARE MY PEOPLE
By ARTHUR J. BURKS

Vivid chronicle of the settlers of the "Big Bend" (Washington) country. These are believable folk—they might have been your "people" or mine. In a sense, this is a foreshortened history of our nation's growth from the days of the pioneer. Price, $2.50.

To Be Published Soon

THE NEW DEAL IN EUROPE
By EMIL LENGYEL

Here is the story, in simple understandable language, of Europe's attempt with the New Deal. Publication date, February 28. Price, $2.00.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
By DANIEL WALTHER

A modern version of the significance of this paradoxical and important figure. Illustrated. Publication date, February 28. Price, $3.00.

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR
Edited by PARE LORENTZ

A dramatic photographic record of nationally significant events during Franklin D. Roosevelt's first year in office. Publication date, March 30. Price, $2.75.

Previously Published

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE
by Grenville Kleiser.....$2.00

MESSAGE OF THE PARABLES
by J. F. McFadyen, D.D.....$2.00

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great discovery in biography..

Here is a book with a very great destiny before it, and a remarkable history behind it. Published almost six months ago, it has steadily gone forward every week, winning new friends, who have told their friends, who have told others. Until today hundreds of grateful readers are thanking the author for having written an inspired and inspiring life-story of the great teacher of Helen Keller.

Have you read **ANNE SULLIVAN MACY?** If you haven't, you're missing one of the truly memorable experiences in biography this year—a story rich in the lasting values of life which has brought forth such remarkable comments as these:

CARL SANDBURG: "The picture comes recurrently to me, and most often in the dark of night, of these two lovely women, strange because they have become so intimate with the structure of shadows, familiar because they speak a simple language close to all human strugglers. They are beautifully haunting, in the way that great and brave adventurers are."

WILLIAM L. STIDGER: "ANNE SULLIVAN MACY meets what to my way of thinking is the real test of a great book—it takes one out of time and makes him know that he is eternal."

BOSTON HERALD: "It is more than the inspiring story of a great and gallant teacher. It is a splendid contribution to the story of what is heroic in the whole history of human adversity."

HELEN KELLER: "Nella Braddy has succeeded, as far as a mortal can, in depicting the wonderful alchemy by which the love of one human being has created another." Illustrated. $3.00. Third Large Printing. *Doubleday, Doran.*

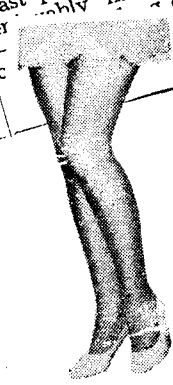
ANNE SULLIVAN MACY: The Story Behind Helen Keller

by NELLA BRADDY

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Perry Mason, clever lawyer-sleuth, clears lady with pulchritudinous props from murder charge and nails slippery killer.	Fast paced, thrilling, [illegible] hard boiled [illegible] drawn	Top notch



James Joyce's ULYSSES

"Stands among the dozen greatest literary works of all time."—New Yorker. Five thousand readers a week are discovering this masterpiece anew. Unexpurgated. $3.50

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 East 57 Street, N. Y.

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Among the Authors

IN looking through the mass of publicity material that drifts into me every week from all publishers, I was rather electrified to read in the Houghton Mifflin book news, *not* that *Phyllis Bottome* had arrived in San Francisco on the tenth of this month after a six-weeks' sea voyage from Antwerp, but that "Her immediate plans are to secure a bungalow and half a Chinaman." It sounds like the beginning of a mystery story by *Henry Milner Rideout* or *Gouverneur Morris!* . . . However, I have often heard it said that a Chinese cook was worth two of any other kind—and so, if you wanted only *one* servant! . . . *Carl Van Vechten* took a typewriter with him to Hartford for the *premiere* of the *Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson* opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," and immediately thereafter wrote his impressions so that his article could be used as an introduction to the opera in book-form which will be published by Random House. They say that, after their tussle with *James Joyce's* "Ulysses" the Random House proof-reading department regarded work upon Miss Stein's text as a mere innocent relaxation! . . . All poets will welcome *John Livingston Lowes's* "Geoffrey Chaucer," which appears through Houghton Mifflin on February 21st. It is interesting to note that it is dedicated to *George Lyman Kittredge*, with the quotation "Myn Owene Maister Deere." . . . "In an effort," writes to me *Henry Goddard Leach*, editor of the *Forum*, "to accelerate the slowly reviving interest in poetry, I am offering prizes of $50: $30: and $20 for the best short poems written by students of any American college or university received before midnight on May 15th." The address of *The Forum* is 441 Lexington Avenue, this city. Now, undergraduates, go to it! . . . *Leonard Ehrlich*, author of the now widely-known biography of *John Brown*, "God's Angry Man," writes from Hockley in Essex, England:

> I am now in the country, living in a little village in Essex, not far from the sea. . . . The whole Guggenheim experience has been a good one. . . . . I have a tiny thatch cottage of two rooms. I draw water from a pump in the garden (when it is not frozen!) I cook my own food (I can open a can neatly, like a surgeon). One works by an oil-lamp, and the sanitation is *not* indoors. The hip-bath is fiendishly trying, but once a week I get a good hot scrub at the inn down the road. It's all quite primitive, but it's perfect for working, with the curtains drawn and a high coal fire and everything very still. And best of all a fellow can grow a beard, to his heart's and chin's content!

Mr. Ehrlich is working carefully on a novel, and was cheered by the Prix Femina award to him for "God's Angry Man." "It makes one want awfully," he says, "to prove himself worthy."

Some Competitions

The Sixth Annual Contest of the International Mark Twain Society (Webster Groves, Missouri) for the best letter on the subject, "The Greatest Living Novelist of my State, and Why," was won by *Paul B. Winston* of 136 West 168th Street, New York City, for his letter on *Robert Nathan* of New York, the author of "One More Spring." The judges for this contest were *Professor Alex Buchan, Professor Carroll Sibley*, and *Librarian Eleanor C. Shallcross*, all of St. Louis. In the course of his prize letter, Mr. Winston said:

> Robert Nathan is like no novelist writing in America today. His independence of literary fads and cliques is complete. . . . He continues to confront sordidness and corruption with gentle irony instead of loud raillery, and to express himself in a lucid, poetic prose in place of the harsh gravelly prose that rasps and grates and fills the air on every side, and is commonly known as naturalism in literature.

For its seventh annual contest, the Society is offering a prize of twenty-five dollars for the outstanding letter on the subject, "The Best Living Biographer of my State, and Why." Letters should approximate six hundred words in length and must reach the Society (address above) by September first. *Willa Cather* has just accepted the Silver Medal of the Society, a medal already conferred upon *Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling*, and *Hilaire Belloc*. . . . The *New Republic*, seeking some direct evidence to clarify the Art *vs.* Propaganda controversy, is announcing a prize of $25 for the best poem on a given political subject, viz: the Reichstag-fire trial in Germany. The trial, they say, offers all the elements necessary to a good political poem: drama, injustice, death, courage, anger, and issues which are stirring the world. It may be treated from any angle. [Dear *New Republic!* "Angle"?] There are no restrictions as to form or length, but poems of less than forty lines will be favored. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Poetry Contest Editor, *The New Republic*, 421 West 21st Street, New York, and accompanied by stamped, return envelope. Non-winning poems will be paid for at the usual rate, if worthy of publication. The contest closes April 15th.

New England and Oklahoma

Some time ago a *Mr. Fuller*, writing this department, wished to hear from admirers of *Robinson* and *Frost. Mrs. Gertrude Magill Ruskin* of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, replies as follows:

> Ever since I have been able to read and understand poetry my favorite has been Robinson. I've read all his short poems, his "Cavender's House," "Matthias at the Door," "Nicodemus." Whenever I read him his poetry does something to me. I lose myself in a huge brown study, with a fire, and books lining the wall, and I hear discussions in soft, cultured voices of philosophy and psychology, the purpose and aim of life, and the existence of God. I lose contact with the world about me and come out of my dream knowing and understanding my world more clearly and tolerantly. I don't get the emotional lift that singers of lyric poems give me, but as I grow older I desire that less and less. Robinson satisfies the craving in me for greater knowledge of myself in relation to my fellow men and women. I am only twenty-five, but there is a profundity in his thought that appeals to my older, more sober self. Please tell Mr. Fuller to let me know his plans for a group.

I am always glad to receive communications from my Oklahoma correspondent, the poet, *Welborn Hope*. He is having a pretty tough time of it out there, though his humor plays about the encampments of the "Baptist braves" and a foray upon the friendly Methodists for food, which was obtained in the person of "a dog of roasting-size." The idea of this has rather paralyzed me, as I have never tasted roast dog myself! Hope is working on an epic of the old Santa Fé trail, and here is a poem of his that I am glad to print. It is called

WE MET OSAGES

We hailed them like a ship upon the main;
The band of them rode like a stately ship
On the fluid green of the silent plain.
Since the shower, lilacs were a-drip—
Hazes like haloes could have hidden sails
As they obscured the body sailing by,
And far beyond, like spray, twined volatile veils.
We called, and the call rang deep within the sky.

One rode toward us with a lifted hand,
And in that hand his feathered shafts and bow;
Dismounted from his piebald pony, and
Before our swart interpreter, a stone's throw,
Made talk, and then advanced with gallant tread,
Swinging bow and shafts. The scarlet frock,
The deerskin leggings, the eyes in his proud head
That flashed—these gave him, O, a god-like look!

He talked, and he pointed, and he noted us;
Gave our directions through a distant gap;
Grunted at a gift, and flashed his eyes, and thus
He marched away, leggings and frock a-flap.
He leaped on his mare, and in a trice was gone
Back to his band—and then the ship moved on.

Some publisher will do well to get hold of a pile of Welborn Hope's poems and sift them for material for a book. I feel pretty confident that he is a poet who is going to amount to something. His address is Ada, Oklahoma.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamilton in Search of a Biographer

AN AMERICAN COLOSSUS. The Singular Career of Alexander Hamilton. By Ralph Edward Bailey. Boston: Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS volume emphasizes anew the curious fate, biographically speaking, of Alexander Hamilton. For decades a multitude of people have worshipped him only this side idolatry. He was not only one of the fathers of the republic; he was *the* father of the central body of Republican Party doctrines, of the politico-economic tenets till recently dominant in America, of the centralizing tendencies in government that are still dominant. No statesman's spirit is more potent today. From his urn he still speaks and rules. Yet he still lacks an adequate biographer. It is now seventy-five years since John C. Hamilton published the six valuable though partisan volumes on his father called "History of the Republic . . . as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton"; it is almost fifty years since Henry Cabot Lodge edited Hamilton's works. The two volumes by John T. Morse date from the centennial year. Since then, what has been published? Nothing that can be called both complete and penetrating. John Marshall has had his Beveridge; Washington has had his Rupert Hughes; Franklin his William Cabell Bruce and M. Fay; Jefferson his Gilbert Chinard and Francis W. Hirst. But Hamilton, despite much new data on various phases of his career, despite unused materials in his papers in the Library of Congress, still calls for a treatment worthy of his name.

The books he has inspired in the last generation or so fall into two groups. One is composed of studies which use Hamilton as a text for defending or attacking certain doctrines. Thus there is F. S. Oliver's book on Hamilton, which makes his career a basis for arguments in behalf of British imperial federation; William Graham Sumner's book, which makes it a basis for criticizing high-tariff doctrines savagely; and Henry Jones Ford's very brief book, which employs it to illustrate the need for executive vigor in government. The other group of volumes is made up of uncritical eulogies. Gertrude Atherton's admirably vivid romance, "The Conqueror," followed the note struck in its title. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan gave us "The Greatest American—Alexander Hamilton." And now we have Mr. Bailey's volume on Hamilton as a "colossus."

Mr. Bailey's book is readable. It is well proportioned, pleasant in style, and founded upon the main printed sources. But there its merits end. Not only is it totally uncritical, as the title would lead us to expect, but it is unperceptive. After all, Hamilton's life can at no point between 1775 and 1804 be detached from the complicated and swiftly shuttled web of American history for that period; and Mr. Bailey does not understand this historical fabric. A few illustrations must suffice. He nowhere comprehends how much of Hamilton's "genius for finance" was born of a careful study of British financial measures and theories in this period; he writes of John Adams's dismissal of Timothy Pickering, who had been serving as Hamilton's catspaw in the Adam's cabinet, as if it somehow showed how mean and petty Adams was; he speaks of Adams's courageous step in preventing war with France as "dissipating the strong advantageous position of the United States by sending another embassy," and he treats the Hamilton-Burr duel without mentioning the vital element which gave it all its powerful dramatic quality—the threatening New England-New York conspiracy for secession which Hamilton had nipped in the bud by defeating Burr for the governorship of New York. Part of the biographical interpretation is also unperceptive. The treatment of Hamilton's quarrel with Washington in 1781, for example, hardly does justice to the force of Hamilton's ambition for military glory, and his consequent impatience with life at headquarters. A fuller exposition of Hamilton's ideas is often desirable. In short, the book is a fair popular narrative of the outward events of Hamilton's career, enlivened by some judicious excerpts from his writings, but it can sustain no pretensions whatever to originality, thoroughness, or interpretive insight, and in some respects it is positively misleading.

But when shall we have a real biography of Hamilton? He was too brilliantly versatile and too broadminded to be treated as a text for doctrinaire pronouncements upon politics or economics. He was too erratic and human to be celebrated in undiluted eulogy. It is a reflection upon later scholars and writers that the best work upon him is still that which Morse published in 1876, when America was just beginning the systematic accumulation of historical and biographical materials.

A Novel of Michigan

FIREWEED. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

THERE are few exterior signs of the first novel about Mrs. Walker's "Fireweed," which has received this year's Hopwood Award. Simple and natural prose combines with local color that is not "worked up" to produce a narrative of clarity and agreeable smoothness such as many veterans of fiction never attain, yet this excellence is not the chance by-product of mere naiveté. The characters are fully rounded, thought out from depths of actual experience, and the incidents of a disarmingly unpretentious story, not without some pleasing passages of sentiment, are carefully chosen for the light they shed on these people.

Present day life in an Upper Michigan lumbering town, in which the sole representatives of what used to be called "the cultural influences" are the movies and the poetry supplied by Chicago mail-order catalogues, might not seem at first glance to present rich material for a novel. Mrs. Walker has not attempted the usual diatribe against the American small town, either. The qualities of her book are sufficiently universal to make background and atmosphere secondary considerations, though the lake country of tall pines, at least in her version, does add attraction to the history of her second generation Scandinavian lovers. Their story is of the most usual sort, compounded of marriages and snow-storms, births and deaths, jobs and food and canoeing, and finally of the depression, but the author's sincerity and straightforwardness lends it value and relief. "Fireweed" is skilfully planned and carried out, and announces a talent distinctly promising.

The Delightful story of a girl

who gave up (reluctantly) a gay life in Mayfair for a thatched cottage in the country --- and there discovered . . . . ?

Smart London cocktail parties . . . men adoring her in droves—Bryan threatening to shoot himself (till she took his gun away) . . . a perfect dream of an apartment . . . then she acquired the child, PETER.

How, why? It would only spoil the season's most paradoxically delightful novel to tell you the secret. And what happened? You'll be more surprised than lovely Lesley herself when you discover the changes wrought—much against her better judgment, and even her will, in the gay life she enjoyed so much.

Here is a novel that turns Mayfair upside down with most surprising results. If E. M. Delafield and Aldous Huxley were rolled into one they might produce a novel like this. We say *might* because, actually, we doubt whether anyone but Margery Sharp (whom Hugh Walpole ranks as England's keenest young humorist) could do anything quite like it. It's like a pool in the sunlight—sparkling on the surface—underneath cool, deep, full of the mystery of life.

Go to your bookstore and ask them to let you sample the book. Read a few pages of the chapter about the country week-end that turned out all wrong, or about the bridge game when Lesley couldn't keep her mind on the cards; or just open the novel at random and read. Then you'll know why *The Flowering Thorn* is one book you cannot do without. *Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., Price* $2.50.

The FLOWERING THORN

By MARGERY SHARP

PUTNAM

From the Oxford Press

NEW PUBLICATIONS

[I]

JOHNSON'S ENGLAND

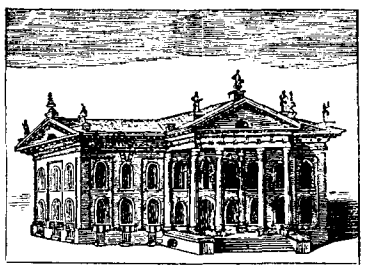
Edited by A. S. Turberville

A companion to "Shakespeare's England." "Imposing and authoritative work."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "No one man could have written it all and therefore it was assigned to the hands and minds of 25 experts."—*Boston Transcript.* Two vols. 120 plates. $14.00

REASON & BEAUTY in the POETIC MIND

By Charles Williams

Brilliant essays by an author who is a poet as well as a critic and novelist. $2.50



The first book printed at Oxford, the very rare Latin Commentary by St. Jerome, bears the date Mccccixviij, but authorities believe that an x was omitted and that the actual date was 1478. This was the beginning of the Oxford Press, which now includes in its catalogue more than 10,000 distinct books. The Old Clarendon Building shown above was built on the profits of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* and from 1713 to 1830 was the printing house of The Oxford University Press.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

By Ernest de Selincourt

"If ever a biography was based on full information scrupulously used, this one is. The tone of his book is admirable, presented with dignity and distinction."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.* $8.00

THE ADVENTUROUS THIRTIES

By Janet E. Courtney

". . . Mrs. Courtney is one of the most sensible writers on feminist matters, and this is another proof of the rare quality of her good sense."—*Rebecca West.* $3.50

O. E. D.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, for the first time in the 76 years since this work was begun, is now issued in a new popularly priced edition, complete in 13 volumes. It is an incomparable reference work for anyone, at a price you can afford to pay. . . . Write to the publishers for *free* prospectus.

ALFRED DE VIGNY

By Arnold Whitridge

The author of "Dr. Arnold of Rugby" writes a delightful biography of a complex, interesting, 19th century character. With sympathy and gentle irony, the story of the soldier diplomat and poet unfolds. $2.50

CECIL RHODES:

BY HIS ARCHITECT, *Sir Herbert Baker*

With a foreword by General Smuts. $4.25

KEATS' CRAFTSMANSHIP

A Study in Poetic Development

By The Rev. M. R. Ridley

An important work on the development of Keats's text shown by the extant drafts and printed forms. $5.00

PATMORE: A Study in Poetry

By Frederick Page

". . . The life-long study that is distilled in Mr. Page's book is precious in itself and valuable in its fruits. . . ."—*London Times Literary Supplement.* $2.25

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 *Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Money
Gold, Silver and Paper
by **Francis W. Hirst**

A history of Money from the earliest times down to the present year by an internationally known writer and lecturer on economics $2.00

•

Reflections on the End of an Era
by **Reinhold Niebuhr**
author of "Moral Man and Immoral Society" $2.00

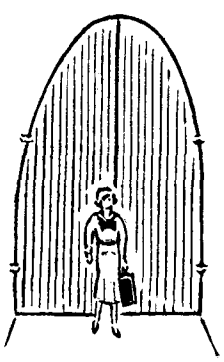
•

Jesus the Unknown
by **Dimitri S. Merejkowski**

As in his "Leonardo da Vinci" Merejkowski laid bare the soul of an artist and his time, so here he lifts the veil from the hidden life of Jesus, and portrays in living colors the Being who was at once both God and man. $2.75

SCRIBNER BOOKS

the doors closed behind her



A YOUNG GIRL entered a convent school, found behind its ivy-covered walls a strange, disturbing world. This is the story of her four years there, of the things she learned, of the cloistered women who taught her, of her struggle to understand. Page by page she reveals, as they were revealed to her, the mysteries of convent life.

FROST IN MAY
by Antonia White

In this first novel, Antonia White writes of clashing personalities bound to a common and ancient purpose. Deftly she portrays scene and character in a prose of simple beauty and telling accuracy. $2.50.

THE VIKING PRESS
18 E. 48th St., New York

"Brightness Falls from the Air"

MARY OF SCOTLAND. A Play in Three Acts. By Maxwell Anderson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE this, Maxwell Anderson has brought poetry into the theatre—so to speak, by the side door. His lines in "Elizabeth the Queen," and now in "Mary of Scotland," are spoken by the actors as prose, but they are printed partly as a sort of free verse. Mr. Anderson once published a slim volume of poems, I think it was called "You Who Have Dreams." They were above the average in thoughtful content. The ordinary theatre-goer has no knowledge of them. He or she knows Anderson chiefly as the man who with Laurence Stallings made a ten-strike with a hard-boiled war play, "What Price Glory!" and as the author of a recent political play that won the Pulitzer Prize. But if you take the sum of Anderson's achievement to date he has been widely various, he has tried many different lines, and even in his realism one could perceive the poet.

That is why I think that Anderson may well become the best playwright we have. He is not afraid to experiment. He tackles difficult problems. He has a better sense of dramatic structure than Eugene O'Neill, though he has not better knowledge of stagecraft. He may never reach the imaginative heights or the psychological depths of O'Neill at his best—but he could execute a poetic idea of O'Neill's with a far truer poetic instinct. Whenever O'Neill has come nearest to poetry he has come nearest to fustian.

The historical drama is a difficult problem to tackle. It is so easy, apparently, to make it a mere parade of costumes, a mere panorama of scenery, a mere spectacle. The life of the theatre is the true portrayal of the emotions of living and breathing men and women. Historical drama has always been weighed down by a gold-encrusted cloak, by pomp and ceremony and rhodomontade.

I have heard "much argument" about Mr. Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" not being true to history. But its divergences from strict historical fact do not matter to me. Mary Stuart has been the inspiration for poets for ages, and they never could write of her with the cold accuracy of historians. For Mary Stuart remains one of the great romantic figures of all time.

For I'll win men's hearts in the end—
though the sifting takes
This hundred years—or a thousand,

cries Mary toward the end of Mr. Anderson's play; and, indeed, she has won men's hearts.

Also, so full a life was led in her short period of freedom by Mary Queen of Scots that it would be impossible to compass all the episodes in a play; and Mr. Anderson was embarked upon no laborious chronicle. As a good playwright—and no playwright today has a better sense of structure than he—his business was to carve swiftly-moving drama out of this life, and in my opinion he has done it. He has seized upon every dramatic possibility within the compass of the sequence of episodes he chose, he has given us much of the feeling of the time, he has characterized saliently, he has brought humor to bear in the interludes from tragedy. And if he has not unravelled knot by knot the coil of state affairs, if he has here and there taken liberties with history, if he has ever and again modernized speech, I for one do not hold it against him.

He has given us some glorious lines too, glorious to read and to hear spoken, the latter chiefly by so admirable an artist as Helen Hayes. In spite of the rather fulsome praises of his language by the professional critics, there is no doubt that again and again he has risen to poetry:

Would God I'd been born
Deep somewhere in the Highlands, and there met you—
A maid in your path, and you but a Highland bowman
Who needed me.

It's as if a queen should stand
High up, at the head of a stair—I see this now
As in a dream—and she in her dream should step
From level to level downward, all this while knowing
She should mount and not descend—till at last she walks
An outcast in the courtyard—bayed at by dogs
That were her hunters—walks there in harsh morning
And the dream's done.

Those are at random. I have no more space for quotation.

The mounting of Mr. Anderson's play, the acting of it, did full justice to his script. To this witness Miss Hayes was no less than superb and Mr. Merivale a fine Bothwell. It is true that Mr. Anderson chose one of the most dramatic and romantic stories in English history, but even so he might have failed to give it life. Instead, he set real people before us in close-knit drama. And over and above this he has returned to the drama something of the magnificence it possessed in Elizabethan times—has done this, and held a modern New York audience with it night after night. No inconsiderable achievement!

Spenseriana

A CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER PRINTED BEFORE 1700. By Francis R. Johnson. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE SLADE

THIS interesting bibliography is a publication of the Tudor and Stuart Club of The Johns Hopkins University, which was founded in 1918 by Sir William and Lady Osler in memory of their son, Lieutenant Edward Revere Osler, killed in action in the World War the previous year. The collection already made by young Osler was used as a nucleus for the Club's library which now contains a Spenser Collection of importance to scholars. It is this which Mr. Johnson has used as the basis of his present work.

Spenser material has been and still is scattered and, while not attempting a census of existing copies, Mr. Johnson has been obliged in some cases to take his information from outside sources. He pays generous tribute to many well known public and private collections in England and America but still considers this one of the finest *working* collections of the poet's work.

In preparing this volume the author has kept three points in mind: to give a detailed and accurate bibliographical description of the copy used; to note important variants exhibited by other copies of the same edition, and to note bibliographical peculiarities which would indicate the possibility of certain textual corrections. The more important title-pages appear in facsimile. The collations are sufficiently generous to make all points of editions, variants, and issues clear to the reader. The notes contain interesting deductions and some points for discussion.

Although Mr. Johnson disclaims any attempt at textual reading, his work is an excellent example of bibliography functioning as a vehicle for the transmission of literary documents as suggested by Dr. Gregg. This very scholarly little work of sixty-two pages should consequently be of value to the general student of Spenserian literature as well as to those who approach it from the more technical point of view.

Margot Asquith Is Herself Again

MORE OR LESS ABOUT MYSELF. By Margot Asquith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $4.

THESE reminiscences of the Countess of Oxford are not, as she herself says, intended to be a supplement to the "Autobiography" which aroused so much interest a few years ago but a complement to it. They, too, cover the stretch of her life, they introduce many of the same notabilities, though few of the same incidents, and like the earlier book, they show the same commingling of naive self-admiration, commonplace philosophy, and penetrating and revealing comment upon men and women of note. There is less set down in malice than in the first work—"the woman with the serpent's tongue" roars now as gently as any sucking dove—, but there is much candid criticism, and much sprightly characterization, and there is the reflection of a vigorous and striking personality, quick in intellect and affections.

It has fallen to the lot of few women of our day to have had contact with so many who were illustrious and influential in the councils of their nation. From girlhood on Margot Tennant flirted and sparred and entered into discussions with the men who were making the political and social history of England. Through her pages passes a veritable procession of the great and the near-great,—Gladstone, with "his strange mixture of subtlety and simplicity, his rare sense of duty, amazing lack of pettiness, and his curious and original sense of humor;" Oscar Wilde, "a large, fat, floppy man, in unusual clothes sitting under a fir tree surrounded by admirers"; Lord Balfour, who had "an elegant mind, and a fastidious aversion to trespassing in regions of which he knew nothing," and would "listen with urbanity to the fallacies expressed by men of more mature and hardier temptations"; Lord Curzon, who "could be both generous and mean, pompous and humorous, affectionate and lonely, vulgar and distinguished, friendly and proud," and a host of others. Of Lloyd George, for whom despite estrangement the Countess of Oxford retains a lively respect, she says: "He has what is rare among politicians of any country today—courage, effrontery, eloquence, and magnetism." And characteristically: "I have often regretted my own rapidity of thought as it has hurt my reputation as a listener, but I am as a jelly-fish with a shark in comparison to Mr. Lloyd George." Of Winston Churchill she remarks: "You can do something with talent, but nothing with genius, and Mr. Winston Churchill has a touch of—what we all recognize but can never define—Genius. He is unchangeable, irreplaceable, and lovable, and is as ardent, vocal, insatiable, and youthful today as he was . . . more than twenty years ago." And so on and on in quick flashes, with much that is personal woven into the descriptions that follow so fast upon one another. This is a book, which picked up and opened at random, is everywhere likely to yield an interesting morsel if rarely a significant one.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
RED SQUARE *Samuel Andrew Wood* (Dutton: $2.)	British architect in Moscow runs afoul of GPU, missing death daily by 1% of eyelid-flutter.	Not much mystery, but packed with thrills, gasps, and horror. Russian background seems authentic and characters are good.	Excellent
THE MYSTERY OF DEAD MAN'S HEATH *J. Jefferson Farjeon* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Barrister, limping away from midnight motorcycle smash, finds lonely cottage, corpse, and lovely scared damsel.	More snoopery than sleuthing in this one, but snooping deftly done with nice romance and shivery climax.	Above average
THE STREET OF STRANGE FACES *Louis Joseph Vance* (Lippincott: $2.)	Young author, rooming in run-down ancestral home, incurs gangster's hate and that of recluse with strange secret.	Mystery is minor angle, but action, romance, and Manhattan sub-world background make entertaining reading.	Fair
IN THE TIGER'S CAGE *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Wife of private zoo owner found dead in tiger's lair. Fleming Stone clears great cat and nails clever killer.	Better than recent Stone *opera*. House-party atmosphere well done and sleuthing adequate.	Readable
SLOW DEATH AT GENEVA *Diplomat* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Dennis Tyler finds out who gave poison dose to pompous, amorous, but indomitable American delegate to League.	Much the best of Diplomat's yarns. Interesting people, snappy dialogue, clever criminal, and many dramatic scenes.	Tip-top

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

WHEN ROMANCE IS SWEETEST

ALL these many weeks since we recommended to her EVELINA and PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE SPY, and THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, we've, in a manner of speaking, had our eye on the maid of thirteen whose days on a farm *T. S. of Highland Park, Michigan,* wanted to enliven with interesting fiction. Mentally we've been watching her progress and, to be perfectly honest, we fear she has got ahead of us. For we've allowed an undue amount of time to elapse without sending her further titles. Here's a second instalment now, and we hope she'll get as much joy out of reading the books we name as we did when we were her age. For it was when we were about thirteen that we first cried deliciously over DAVID COPPERFIELD, and that we puzzled over Rowena's threat to cast herself from the window in IVANHOE, and that our blood ran cold when "the human hyena reared itself on two feet" in JANE EYRE. It was then, too, that we tasted the gentler delights of Mrs. Gaskell's CRANFORD (Macmillan), and that we first revelled in Jane Austen's PERSUASION and NORTHANGER ABBEY and EMMA, and that we couldn't tear ourselves away from PENDENNIS and KENILWORTH and ROB ROY. So much for the classics, except for that later classic which we read with enormous enjoyment, and whenever possible late at night so as to increase our sense of excitement, Conan Doyle's THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (Doubleday, Doran). We'll not mention the older books further lest we have no space left to suggest for our young client some more recent ones which we think would please her mightily. She'd enjoy, we're quite sure, REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Houghton Mifflin), by Kate Douglas Wiggin, RICHARD CARVEL and THE CRISIS (Macmillan), by Winston Churchill, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD (Houghton Mifflin), by Mary Johnston, Booth Tarkington's PENROD (Doubleday, Doran), MARTIN PIPPIN AND THE APPLE ORCHARD (Stokes), by Eleanor Farjeon, itself a story of a young girl on a farm, and a charming tale of Japan by Frances Little, which was immensely popular some years ago entitled THE LADY OF THE DECORATION (Appleton-Century). Happy days to the little maid!

THE GEOLOGY OF MICHIGAN

From *H. S. of Detroit, Michigan,* comes an appeal for titles dealing with the geology of Michigan. If our brother, who is a mining geologist and now at a distance, and who began his career in Michigan's neighboring state of Wisconsin, weren't the most obdurately silent person in the world in the face of all inquiries which involve correspondence, we'd wait to reply to H. S.'s query until we had secured for him an authoritative list of references. But we're afraid if we did, Michigan would have entered upon a new geological period before he'd received the necessary information, so we'll make shift as best we can with catalogues and cyclopedias. So far as our investigations disclose, the most extensive material on the subject is to be found in the volume entitled MICHIGAN GEOLOGICAL AND BIOLOGICAL SURVEY, issued by the Michigan Historical Commission, which embodies the geological reports of Douglass Houghton, first state geologist of Michigan, 1837-1845. The University of Michigan has issued a volume by R. C. Husey on THE RICHMOND FORMATION OF MICHIGAN, and Macmillan has published a pamphlet by R. Ruedemann and G. M. Ehlers on THE OCCURRENCE OF THE COLLINGWOOD FORMATION IN MICHIGAN. If H. S. will write to the United States Geological Survey in Washington, D. C., we think he will be able to secure not only ample information but literature as well. And if he wishes a brief summary of the geology of his state he will find it under the article "Michigan" in the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA (Funk & Wagnalls).

RUSSIA IN BOOKS

If there's one subject of which the American public still seems avid of interest it's Russia. The flood of books upon that country seems not at all to diminish and, choosing from the mass a few for recommendation is in all probability to leave out many others that should have been mentioned. However, we think that L. M. *F. of Salem, Mass.,* who wishes "a list of recent publications, fiction and non-fiction, regarding Russia," will find her purposes served if she reads only a moiety of the books which have appeared. If she wants a vivacious and vivid account of Russia as it is at the present moment, she can do no better than to read Maurice Hindus's THE GREAT OFFENSIVE (Smith & Haas), a volume which is none the less authoritative in its findings for the highly interesting manner of its presentation. Still more recent, in fact just off the press, is DURANTY REPORTS ON RUSSIA (Viking), by Walter Duranty, who, though unlike his friend Maurice Hindus not a native of Russia, is one of the most informed of the correspondents from that country. Another book which has just been issued, also by a competent observer and a trained internationalist, is Sherwood Eddy's RUSSIA TODAY (Farrar & Rinehart), and equally recent is Allan Monkhouse's MOSCOW 1911-33 (Little, Brown). Mr. Monkhouse, it will be remembered, was one of the persons figuring in the recent trial of the British engineers; his book is the work of a man conversant with technological advances in Russia. If L. M. F. wants a comprehensive and accurate survey from the business man's point of view, she should turn to Elisha M. Friedman's RUSSIA IN TRANSITION (Viking), an engineering analysis and scientific criticism of the work accomplished up to the end of the third year of the Five-Year Plan, packed with statistics and highly informative. Another work which will cast light upon economic conditions is the symposium edited by G. Dobbert, entitled RED RUSSIA (Houghton Mifflin). Then there's Ella Winter's RED VIRTUE (Harcourt, Brace), and special studies like F. E. Williams's YOUTH AND RUSSIA (Farrar & Rinehart), K. Menhert's YOUTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA (Harcourt, Brace), WOMEN IN RUSSIA (Viking), by Fannina Halle. As to the more superficial aspects of Russia, such phases as are apparent to the traveller, there is an interesting record in Irina Skariatina's FIRST TO GO BACK (Bobbs-Merrill), an account of the impressions of an émigrée who returns to visit her native land. L. M. F., of course, if she had not already known of them, has had her attention called by the awarding of the Nobel Prize to Ivan Bunin and his stories, THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO and THE VILLAGE (Knopf). A new novel by him has just appeared, THE WELL OF DAYS (Knopf), which is said by those familiar with Russia to be a graphic portrayal of the country and its people. A lengthy tale, but one impressive in its scope and handling, is Sholom Asch's THREE CITIES, the story of a Jewish family, playing in Saint Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw under the Czars. And then (we don't say finally, as there are a dozen others that might be named) there is Valentine Kataev's TIME FORWARD! the chronicle of one day under the Five-Year Plan on the scene of a great construction project in the Ural Mountains. This list, extremely episodic as it is, should do for a beginning at any rate.

STORIES IN NEGRO DIALECT

And now we come to the request of *J. W. of Berea, Ky.,* who is in search of "a collection of stories in Negro dialect, short enough to be used as illustrations in sermons or serious talks." It may take a bit of skilful compressing to bring them within the limitations of her talks but we think that J. W. will find just the material she needs in CONGAREE SKETCHES (Scribners), by Edward C. Adams, a collection of scenes from Negro life in the swamps of the Congaree, and of tales by Tad and Scip of heaven and hell with other miscellany. These are authentic portrayals of the Negro mind, written in flavorful dialect, and having both point and humor. Probably J. W. has seen GREEN PASTURES and knows how admirably bits of Roark Bradford's OL' MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN (Harpers), from which the play was taken, would fall in with her needs. These sketches, of course, are tales "about the time when the Lord walked the earth like a natural man." Mr. Bradford's THIS SIDE OF JORDAN (Harpers) and OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS (Harpers) should also be grist for her mill. It might be wise, too, to have a look at Mr. Bradford's JOHN HENRY (Harpers), and at Marc Connelly's GREEN PASTURES itself.

By the Author of "PAGEANT"

THE WORLD IS YOURS

By G. B. LANCASTER

A magnificent story that will leave you with a glowing memory of great romance.

Appleton-Century announce a distinguished new novel in which the author of "Pageant" unfolds a memorable narrative of the raw, vigorous pioneer Yukon of the 1920's. It is a haunting love story in a setting of magic quality. *Second printing* $2.50

Absorbing Historical Romance

WING OF FAME

By LOUISE WALLACE HACKNEY

Colorful novel based on the little-known life of James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institution. A picturesque and most readable chronicle of character, background and action in 18th Century France and England. $2.50

New "Appleton Biographies"

"Fresh viewpoints and unconventional treatment."—N. Y. Times. "A brilliant series of books."—Fanny Butcher. "Excellent series."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By Hilaire Belloc

The noted author of "Charles I of England" and "Marie Antoinette" gives a glowing picture of the Norman who conquered Britain. Frontispiece. $1.50

HARUN AL RASHID

By H. St. John Philby

The extraordinary life of the great eighth century Caliph, who was such an amazing blend of cruelty, treachery, loyalty and generosity. Frontispiece. $1.50

SARAH BERNHARDT

By Maurice Baring

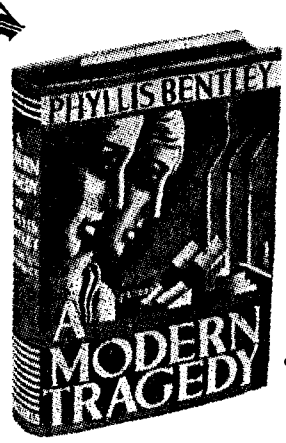
In this brilliant work a distinguished writer and critic of the drama portrays the Divine Sarah as a great dramatic artist. Frontispiece. $1.50

These are Appleton-Century Books

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY

35 WEST 32nd STREET NEW YORK

A MODERN TRAGEDY



by Phyllis Bentley

Author of "Inheritance"

Dorothy Canfield

Book-of-the-Month Club News

says it is—

"of impeccably sound workmanship, an intellectual pleasure to read . . . theme like George Eliot . . . details presented with mastery."

At all bookstores, $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We laugh at the fussy Victorians . . . but

here is a novel that balances the account by showing us the good that died with Victoria. By potent magic, through the life story of Mundy, a groom, its author recaptures the mellow mood of a pleasant way of life now entirely gone from the world.

"An earnest and whole-hearted return to the past . . . A true picture of the age." —*N. Y. Times*

Book-of-the-Month Club recommendation

FAREWELL VICTORIA

by T. H. WHITE

$2

Harrison Smith and Robert Haas

I have sent

FREE

copies of The Black Mountain by Alan Hillgarth to the first 100 persons who wrote me in answer to the notice in the Saturday Review of February 3. I received 342 requests, all of which I have acknowledged. I am hopeful that this experiment will stimulate interest in a very fine novel.

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

HERVEY ALLEN'S

The Sources of Anthony Adverse

An attractive 16-page pamphlet, designed to fit inside a copy of the novel, containing the illustrations which originally appeared with the article in *The Saturday Review* of January 13th. *Price 10 cents.* If your bookseller cannot supply you, write, enclosing ten cents, direct to

The Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE
25 WEST 45th ST., N. Y. C.

The New Books

Biography

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Gene Lisitzki. Viking. 1933. $2.50.

From a note at the beginning of the bibliography one may assume that this book was written especially for "the young people." Considered as such it is an excellent popularization, not a vulgarization, of the life story of the most written about and most enigmatic figure in American history. The author has given a vivid and on the whole correct account of the extraordinary career of the son of a Virginia planter and surveyor who rose to the first office in the land, and was the most cultured American of his days. A few flaws can be picked out here and there. Jefferson could not have sent to his friends "each volume of the famous French Encyclopedia as they came out," as the last volume of Diderot's "Encyclopédie" was published in 1772; what he did in fact, was to purchase for them the volumes of a somewhat different publication, less philosophical and more practical, the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." Jefferson was interested in standardizing the parts of the matchlock used in army rifles and not the parts of watches. Those who are familiar with the Jefferson-Adams correspondence would hesitate to share the opinion that "Jefferson's views on religion were exactly the same as Adams's." The story of the "midnight judges" and of Levi Lincoln dramatically entering Judge Marshall's office holding Jefferson's watch in his hand has been satisfactorily disproved by Senator Beveridge; but old legends die hard. Deliberately Mr. Lisitzki has dismissed in three short paragraphs the difficulties with England and France which led up to the Embargo, and in general he has paid only slight attention to Jefferson's foreign policies and to the origin of his ideas. He is at his best, however, in his description of the "domestic life of Thomas Jefferson," and has made good use of Mrs. Sarah Randolph's little book. He is also thoroughly at home in Virginia.

The story of Jefferson's early years is told with great charm and without undue dramatization. Jefferson's manifold interests are duly emphasized. The author has walked around the university and Monticello, explored every nook and corner of the house, and described every piece of the furniture so cleverly contrived by the philosopher who took as much pleasure in tinkering, designing a model for a new plow, or a chaise longue as in rewriting the laws of his native State.

G. C.

Fiction

THE INNOCENT WIFE. By Colette. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

Here is the story of The Innocent's Progress. With her own delicately poisonous colors Colette portrays the witty and perverse group of teachers whose lighthearted diabolisms lead the Innocent step by step out of the safe, conventional paths of unquestioning wifehood into the disturbing and exhilarating ways of worldly wisdom. Here Colette leaves her, standing with anything but reluctant feet, where several brooks and rivers meet, but since one knows Colette of old in the matter of a fascinating heroine, we may surmise and hope that another volume will be devoted to the further adventures of the now less innocent wife.

A husband is forced to go on a business trip and leave his adoring little wife at home. But he hopes, with a aid of a carefully made out set of commandments, to keep her thoughts and her behavior in the docile grooves of habit during his absence. He is too optimistic. He has overlooked several factors in his simple planning. In the first place the sister who is to take his place as mentor of the wife while he is away reveals herself very quickly as a far from reassuring guide, philosopher, and friend. Even the most innocently closed eyes must open, kittenwise, at last to the strange scenes continually presented, and the least heeding ears eventually guess out the meanings of too oft repeated whisperings.

And then the friends,—the little group of sophisticates into which the innocent wife is plunged all unprepared. With the delicate and impersonal precision of a surgeon Colette cuts through layer after layer of the morbid growths of personality and ego exposing in the end the meager souls that lie within. Not in every case. Not with Claudine. She is the same intriguing bad child as of other days and other volumes. She still loves her husband to exaggeration but she still finds it difficult to withstand old temptations.

This particular book shows the gay Colette, the witty and ironical, making gestures that are far from flattering at the members of the circle she has selected for her purposes. She delights in shocking. She is pleased to leave no single shred behind which her characters may hide in their vain and vicious dervish dance. Of the other Colette who knows in tenderness the heart of some favored character, some young girl more complex than this innocent wife, or some young man too melancholy for the present post-war world, there is no trace in this brisk and vivid exposé.

G. G.

Miscellaneous

DIGGING IN THE SOUTHWEST. By Ann Axtell Morris. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.50.

It is difficult to include a multitude of worthy facts in a book and yet leave the reader with the impression that he knows little more than he did before reading it. Yet Mrs. Morris, archæologist and archæologist's wife, through a possibly faulty assumption that she ought to be as discursive and informal as possible in order to get her subject across to the uninitiate, achieves just this goal. Her studied over-informality, which often leads her from her subject into amusing but unnecessary anecdotes, frequently tantalizes the reader by incomplete information on an interesting subject, fuller information being sacrificed to her personal story. Yet there are excellent chapters in this book, such as the discussion of the eight Indian cultures and the discovery of the treering dating method. And there is no doubt as to Mrs. Morris's archæological knowledge or ability. The subject of the book is Southwestern archæology and everything possible attendant on it, treated usually from the witty personal viewpoint of Mrs. Morris. It is evident that an archæological summer with the Morrises would be paradise for the interested, and as a substitute for this actuality the book makes good reading.

C. C.

SKETCHES IN STABLE AND KENNEL. By Lionel Edwards. Scribners. 1933. $3.75.

We like "Crascredo" (by the way, it's pleasant to find English sporting writers carrying on under a nom de plume like the celebrated Nimrod) for his good sense in saying what he does in his introduction to this latest volume of Mr. Edwards's pictures. What does it matter if it is so called "representational" art, if it represents things "truly" as they appear to mankind? Here is a welcome addition to the "hunting sketch books" and the Scottish collection, and a unique one. There is no doubt of it; knowledge of proper stable and kennel management is making a come-back. And the artist-author in choosing a heretofore unpopular subject has caught in his sketches and colored drawings, "the virtue [to quote "Crascredo" again] which lies in those things partly of the sweat, partly of the spirit to which such knowledge is essential." He does not need to remind us that these are sketches intended for those to whom horses and even hounds, "are individuals with characters of their own," and seldom, if ever, idealized portraits. Indeed he exhibits his naturalism to the extent of doing an almost ugly drawing entitled "The Blood Bitch." None of his landscapes appears or should in this case. Among the best studies are those of clipping, bandaging, and shoeing horses, and of horse vans, and of hounds sweltering on a long summer day in their kennels. How, the reviewer asks, can he do an M. F. H.'s horse that so completely looks the part? We could wish that one work done several years ago, might have been included in this series. "Exercising in the Snow" is of some grooms riding and leading blanketed and very fresh horses along a road in a patchy, snow-covered landscape.

These pictures or illustrations have an astounding vitality, a verve, line, dash, coupled with delicacy and freedom which makes them quite memorable in their way. One closes the book with a sigh wishing there were at least as many more again.

E. L. V. A.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

Nature in Design. J. Evans. Oxford Univ. Pr. $5. *A History of American Graphic Humor.* W. Murrell. Whitney Museum. $5.

BELLES LETTRES

English Critical Essays XX Century. Selected. P. M. Jones. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents.

BIOGRAPHY

Circus Company. E. Seago. Put. $3.25. *The Story of My Life.* C. Darrow. Scrib. $1.

EDUCATION

Workbook in United States History. C. G. Vannest. Scrib. 48 cents. *Language for Living in a New Land.* L. K. Horton. Stratford. $1.25.

FOREIGN

Bibliopolis. R. A. Arrieta. Buenos Aires. Viau y Zona.

MISCELLANEOUS

England's Quest of Eastern Trade. Sir W. Foster. Macmil. $4. *Movie Making Made Easy.* W. J. Shannon. Nutley, N. J.: Moorfield & Shannon. $2. *Alcohol.* H. Emerson, M. D. App. $1. *The Roving Angles.* H. Palmer. Dutt. $2.50. *Struggle.* L. Adamic. Los Angeles: Whipple. *The Book of Culture.* E. Peyser. New York: Esser-Frederick. $4. *How to Succeed in Life.* G. Kleiser. Funk. $2.

PAMPHLETS

Toward a Planned Economy. Sir A. Salter. Day. 25 cents. *The Consumers' Dollar.* E. A. Filene. Day. 25 cents.

RELIGION

The Message of the Parables. J. F. McFayden. Funk. $2.

TRAVEL

Enchanted Ways Through England and Scotland. J. Prioleau. Morrow. $2.50.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
RIFLED GOLD *W. C. Tuttle* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Western	Mr. Sleepy and Mr. Hashknife Hartley settle with the mysterious gold robbers very firmly indeed. The author is a vet at his racket.	Average
BED MANNERS *Hopton & Balliol* (Vanguard: $1.)	Novelty	Under a catch-penny title we find a frequently amusing guide to bedroom etiquette for married folk, at home and visiting. All very respectable.	Fresh
GO INTO YOUR DANCE *Bradford Ropes* (King: $2.)	Backstage Stuff	The author of 42nd Street follows the ups and downs of an Irish lad on his way to fill Ziegfeld's shoes. Presumably we'll see another super-production with chorus girls in formation beneath the camera.	Grease paint
HAGAR'S CHILD *Grace Naismith* (Macaulay: $2.)	Rental Plugger	Attractive young matron finds herself widowed without ability to support herself and youngsters, decides to pinch-hit for sterile wives of wealth in production of healthy heirs at $25,000 per. First client proves last in happy ending.	Dull

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

DESIDERATA

WEEKLY BARGAINS. Life of Wm. Blake. Vellum. Nonesuch Press, 1927, $10.00. WORKS OF THOS. GRAY, Ed. Gosse, 4 vols., cloth. Lond., 1884, $3.00. Villon's Complete Works, Ed. Nicols, ills., 2 vols., cloth. N. Y., 1928, $5.00. ISAAC MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 ANN ST., N. Y. CITY. BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1894.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

25% DISCOUNT SEMI-ANNUAL SALE. Our entire stock without reserve. Send for catalog. Astor Book Shop, 63 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

DESIRABLE FIRST EDITIONS in very fine condition. List. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, Private Presses, Rare Books, Correspondence Solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED *Authors* listed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, 300 Madison Avenue.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock; All French Art books, rare, unusual Editions; LOWEST PRICES, mail order Catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. The WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

SOUTHWEST LITERARY CLIPPING Service—Catering to students, authors and publishers. Box 1270, San Antonio, Texas.

NEW YORK MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 64 Horatio Street. Reading fee, $5, includes marketing or criticism, with specific information on market demands. Interviews by appointment only.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. First novels, stories wanted. Prompt reports. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" Books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

RUSSIAN BOOKS

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 5c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Dartmouth College

AN INDIAN PREACHER IN ENGLAND . . . Letters and Diaries . . . edited by Leon Burr Richardson. Hanover, N. H.: Dartmouth College Publications. 1933. $4.

THE Rev. Eleazer Wheelock's school for Indian boys at Lebanon, Connecticut, had reached so successful a point in 1765 that it became necessary to seek more money to provide for the necessary growth of the institution. Additional funds not being easy to get in this country, it was decided to send emissaries to England, and the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, minister of the church in Norwich, Connecticut, and Samson Occom, Wheelock's first Indian pupil, were pitched on to go.

This volume is the record, mostly in letters to and from Wheelock, Whitaker, Occom and others, of the endeavor to collect funds for the Indian school. The success of the venture was considerable: after two years they had gathered not only £11,000, but had enlisted the active support of some well-known people, including Lord Dartmouth. The collecting of the money was not accomplished without a good deal of suspicion of Whitaker's probity, and an interminable correspondence. On the whole the letters are not very lively reading, but Whitaker's—especially when he is writing Wheelock of the difficulty of persuading Mrs. Whitaker to let him go—are frequently amusing and sprightly. Occom's are ponderous enough.

It is perhaps prophetic of later manipulations, that with subtle dexterity the funds collected in England were diverted from the Indian school to the establishment of Dartmouth College for the education of white youths! Occom, at least, was disgruntled at this breach of faith, but his protests availed nothing against the white man.

This is the second volume in the series of Dartmouth College Publications, and appears in a substantial octavo volume, with several illustrations, under the editorship of Professor Richardson. The story is told mainly in the letters, with sufficient editorial additions to make the sequence clear; while the annotations are numerous enough to help the reader without being cumbersome. There is a full index. The material has been well-handled by the printers, the Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, both as to format and type. R.

A Moth Flies Out

What is the difference if the purchaser of the manuscript of "The Star-Spangled Banner" doesn't know the words? It is a hokum joke, ever since Mr. Rupert Hughes, more than twenty years ago, wrote a comical piece in *Life* about it. Can the owners of the Gutenberg Bible recite it? Can the owners of a first edition Keats rattle off three of the poems? Tut! Most of the manuscript and first edition collectors are so busy collecting that they seldom read anything.—*F. P. A. in the Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.*

AND that crack, too, Captain Adams, with all due respect to you (which is usually lots but in this instance is little enow) is considerably older than Rupert Hughes's strictures on our tongue-tied patriots. The non-reading book-collector was first held up to scorn, in English at least, in 1509, when Richard Pynson of London issued "The Ship of Fools"—Alexander Barclay's translation of Sebastian Brandt's "Das Narrenschiff," which had been published at Basle in 1494 and had quickly been translated into Latin and French. Said Brandt's Fool Number One, by Barclay's rendering:

I am the first fool of all the whole navie,
To keep the poop, the helm and eke the sail,
For this is in my mind, this one pleasure have I;
Of books to have great plenty and aparayle.
I take no wisdom by them, nor yet avail
Nor them perceive not: and then I them despise.

The space intervening between Brandt's animadversions of 1494 and Adams's of 1934 can be bridged at not too considerable intervals by other commentators on collector-illiteracy—whoever wants to skim the subject will find it adequately summarized in Holbrook Jackson's "The Anatomy of Bibliomania" (1930).

But it is high time that the already heavily overweighted jape were definitively sunk. When book-buyers and book-borrowers in general begin to read in as heavy a proportion as book-collectors it will be seasonable to revive it. Hokum, forsooth! There is more hokum in run-of-the-shop book-buying and book-borrowing than there has ever been in book-collecting. What makes the genteel best-seller? Intrinsic merit? A reputation based on what has gone before? An honest appreciation of artistic sincerity? Devotion to a durable novelty in style or treatment? None of these. The supreme inspiration, alas, is the age-old incentive to keep up with Literate Lizzie. This is the Thing to Do—this is the Book to Read. Or if not to read, at least to pretend familiarity with.

I have forgotten its name, or I should gladly give it here, which might be unjust, for the fault was less the writer's than his readers', if indeed there was fault in the writer at all. This was four or five years ago, when a certain title became the Book-of-the-Moment. A friend of mine, not so much humbly wishful to follow the crowd as he was convinced of the worth of the product by what he had heard and read of it, borrowed a copy of the Book from a lending library. From page nineteen on it was unopened (or, as the uncollector would say, "uncut"). Yet the library record pencilled on the last flyleaf proved that five "readers" had already borrowed it. Well, perhaps it was better to have tried and failed. J. T. W.

Trivia

THE Windsor Press in San Francisco sends out a whimsical little book on "Printer's Flowers," printed in French type, with many old ornamental units composed in conventional and "modernistic" ways. It is a most engaging bit of triviality. R.

Devaluation

SIR: Soeben Erschienen writes in regard to Dr. John Ferriar's line, "Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold," and is wondering which is correct, *thrice* or *twice*, and also asks "Who was Dr. Ferriar from whose *Bibliomania* the line is quoted?" Ask me something hard, for to a literary "researcher" like myself this one is easy!

John Ferriar, M.D. (1761-1815), was born in Roxburghshire, England, removed to Manchester, where he wrote many essays and papers for the Literary and Philosophical Society of that place, and played an active part in sanitary reform. His best known work is *Illustrations of Sterne; with Other Essays and Verses*, printed at Manchester in 1798. I have just consulted a copy of this work published in London in 1812, and therein is *The Bibliomania, an Epistle, to Richard Heber, Esq.*, containing on page 203 the following lines, the "weight in gold" appearing as *thrice:*

"In red morocco drest he loves to boast
The bloody murder; or the yelling ghost;
Or dismal ballads, sung to crouds of old
Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

HORACE E. MCFARLAND.
St. Louis, Mo.

(This seems to settle the question, and the heading of this department is accordingly revised.—The Editors.)

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

YOUNG WOMAN, in Rochester, Minnesota, who likes books, music, tea, dancing, travel, and human beings in general, desires to share in interesting correspondence with middle-aged man. "Elizabeth."

WINTER SPORTS; $2 per day, inclu. excellent meals; bath, all modern conven., skating; run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

EX-DIPLOMAT, presently Florida, would exchange services for maintenance. Box 368.

WANTED—Companionship Chicago gentleman, early thirties. Interested dancing, shows, outdoor sports, reading, good time. Box 500.

CONSTANT READER (the one who wrote to the *S. R. L.* with a red typewriter on the margin of a letter from A. A. K.)—We have arranged a very pleasant way to soothe your indignant sensibilities. Please identify yourself so we may do our stuff. Write to N. A. C., c/o *The Saturday Review.*

YOUNG man will teach tennis or English composition to young lady in exchange for dancing lessons. Box 502.

WILL bachelor, 24-34, intelligent, versatile, attractive, seeking diversion, possibly friendship, write entertainingly to girl (neither golddigger, dateless nor beautiful-dumb), Toledo-Columbus region. Enjoy sunsets, canoeing, A. Adverse, symphonies, Ann Harding, dancing, Voltaire, harmonizing, sparkling conversation, Teasdale, swimming, plays; dislike conventionally dull men, spinach. Box 503.

AMERICAN, 38, college graduate, extensively, speaking French, Spani- man, would appreciate friendship yo with taste for literature, lighter music. Box 504.

YOUNG LADY, well-qualified, is anxious to work with Little Theatre or Marionette Show this summer. Can anyone offer her this opportunity? E. N.

VERY considerate young man wants occasional use of car, garaged Central Manhattan. Offers commensurate amount his time as chauffeur, guide or escort—but outside of 5-day-week office-hours.—Likes and knows: Horses, Country, French, Humanity, Machinery, Business and quite a bit of Life. Appointment to telephone is suggested. Box 505.

SUCCESSFUL writer offers you original plots for stories and novels. $2 up. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp for details. Box 506.

LITERARY research or revision work wanted by young woman, preferably on furniture, decorations or allied subjects. Ability to write. Salary secondary. Box 507.

PARTNER needed for publishing new magazine. Requires capital and patience. At present it is a loss. Box 508.

ATTORNEY, Protestant, 38, married, formerly executive head of realty corporation, now available a/c liquidation, fine personality, master of detail, combined legal and executive ability, is a real find for a busy executive, will do anything legal that will adequately provide for my family. What can you offer or suggest? Original subscriber. Box 509.

YOUNG WOMAN, aged 28, living near Boston, wishes to correspond with someone somewhere sufficiently distant. Personal contact not desired. Box 510.

WANTED—Secretary-Stenographer, to the president of old established manufacturing concern located in Middle West. Must be capable of accepting responsibility and confidence. Loyalty, reliability, and tact essential. Please give as much information as possible first communication. Box 511.

WRITER'S 1934 Critical Outline ready. Copies $0.23. K. Kay, 2910 Forest Avenue, Berkeley, California.

FRANCES FROST announces that she will publish in *The American Poetry Journal* in March a feature poem by Conrad Aiken, "Landscape West of Eden," and in April another by S. Foster Damon, "Prologue to an Epic," with prose articles on the authors by Chard Powers Smith. Subscription, $2.50 a year. Address: 147-45 Ash Ave., Flushing, L. I., Greater N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

. . . BEETHOVEN

This week *The Inner Sanctum* dedicates itself not to words but to music. The BEETHOVEN cycle of the Philharmonic Orchestra, under the inspired and electrifying direction of ARTURO TOSCANINI, finds your correspondents humble with adoration, and so profoundly moved that they cannot hold their peace.

Worst-sellers are forgotten, and best-sellers put in their proper place in the scheme of things, by the genius of our greatest living conductor. To hear the Philharmonic with TOSCANINI, to hear SCHNABEL play the *Emperor*, or YEHUDI MENUHIN play the *Violin Concerto*, is to be in direct communication with BEETHOVEN, and if is not given to man to enjoy any deeper musical experience.

Some years ago *The Inner Sanctum* spoke of "titanic Thursdays." The last two Thursday nights at Carnegie Hall, when the Philharmonic played the *Eroica*, the *Pastoral* and the *Seventh* symphonies of BEETHOVEN, when TOSCANINI inspired the orchestra, when YEHUDI MENUHIN inspired TOSCANINI, and when BEETHOVEN inspired all three, and all three exalted the audience, were hours never to be forgotten. There are some musical occasions when the stars in their courses seem attuned to the cosmic rhythms and Promethean heart-beats of the great symphonies. Such were the last two titanic Thursdays.

There is one book which, more than any other, unlocks the secret of BEETHOVEN'S genius, one author who comes closest to solving the eternal mystery of such creative fire. The book is *Beethoven—His Spiritual Development*, and the author J. W. N. SULLIVAN. After a titanic Thursday, *The Inner Sanctum* turns back to this noble book for renewed illumination. With each re-reading, its wisdom looms larger and larger,—a book of truly philosophic splendor, a magnificent and glowing clue to the secret not only of musical genius, but *all* genius. Mark well the title, *Beethoven—His Spiritual Development*; mark well the name of the author, J. W. N. SULLIVAN, and mark well the fact that it is published by ALFRED A. KNOPF and read with homage by

ESSANDESS.

THREE RIVERS

By SARAH LARKIN

An epic poem of New France —a love story set in an historical background—told in swift, moving verse.

Illustrated ***$2.00***

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

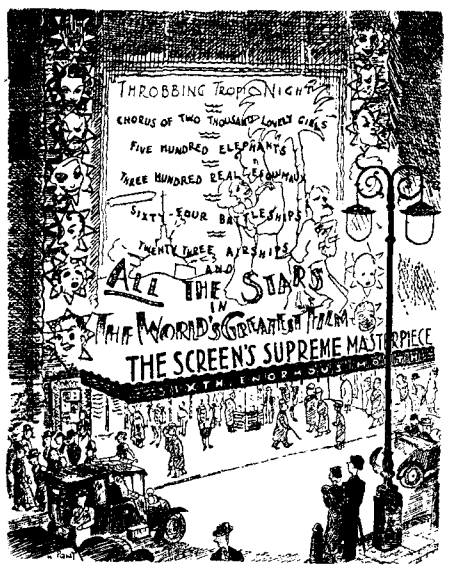
The Riddle of Homosexuality
Learn all about it, its causes, effects, and the course it takes, in the current issue of
THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST
Other Articles in the Current Issues:
Abnormalities of Sex.....D. F. J.
The Psychology of Women.....Sigmund Freud
Sexual Impotence in the Male.W. Beran Wolfe
Sexual Aberrations.....Alfred Adler
On Lesbian Love.....S. Taylor
and numerous others
THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST is 25c at selected newsstands. Or get five issues by sending in $1 to The Modern Psychologist, 310 Riverside Drive, New York.
S. R.
Name .....
Address .....

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Barrows Mussey, of Loring & Mussey (248 East 57 St., New York), gently reproaches Quercus for referring to him as "of Portland." There *was* a Mussey publishing in Portland in 1817, he says, "but in the interval we have moved away." Loring & Mussey now handle the distribution of the famous old Mosher books (over 150 titles are still in print, and the list of them would interest and surprise you) which caused our error. They also do publishing on their own hook, with special taste for mysteries. Of *Murder Stalks the Wakely Family*, by August W. Derleth, they tell us that the author is aged 24 and wrote it in a week but in "an intelligent, unhurried style." (Announced for Feb. 21.)

☞Here's one that you probably won't see in the Funny Coincidence Department of *The New Yorker:* one reason being that it really is a coincidence. After that elegant take-off of *Punch* they produced a couple of weeks ago, it was a bad break of luck for *The New Yorker* to run a picture in the next issue which *Punch* had anticipated by two weeks. The interval of time was too short to allow any hypothesis but that of simultaneous inspiration. Here's the drawing that ran in the January 10 issue of *Punch:*



"I WONDER IF IT'S WORTH SEEING?"

Check this with a drawing in the January 27 *New Yorker*, with the caption, "Shall we take a chance on this one?"

☞John Farrar says he has a clause in one of his contracts providing that the author may draw a stipulated sum monthly, against royalties, on condition that he (the author) does not write, telephone, come to see, or otherwise communicate with him (Mr. Farrar.)

☞Minton, Balch quote an Edwardian story from Clara Leiser's forthcoming book, *Jean de Reszke and the Great Days of Opera.* "During the Coronation of King Edward VII, the new sovereign was astounded, on passing a certain hotel, to see a man in kingly robes step out on the balcony and make a deep bow. In consternation he sent a messenger to find out what fellow monarch this could be of whose presence in London he was unaware. He was convulsed with laughter when he was informed that the magnificent vision which had met his eyes was merely Edouard de Reszke in his costume as King Mark." ☞This anecdote has an apocryphal flavor. King Mark was a contemporary of King Arthur, and usually goes about modern opera stages dressed in chain mail and carrying a spear. Was Edward VII really taken in? Is anybody else?

☞Random House issues a trade item which we reprint with pleasure:

> Probably no other bookstore is getting quite as much personal satisfaction from the publication of *Ulysses* as the Washington Square Bookshop in New York. For this was the scene, just twelve years ago, of the famous raid and confiscation of copies of the *Little Review*, in which "Ulysses" was appearing serially. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were publishing the *Little Review* from a tiny office behind the bookshop, but when the self-appointed vice hounds descended upon the scene, both editors were away and it was Josephine Bell Horton, proprietor of the bookshop, who was hailed into court. Today, Mrs. Horton has the entire window of her shop filled with copies of "Ulysses," and delights in telling her customers of her earlier experience with the book.

☞There's a good piece of James Joycean interpretation suggested by the double-page ad which Random House ran in last week's issue of the *Review*. After their analysis of the wanderings of Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses*, it would be too bad to leave unrecorded the similar wanderings of Tertius in search of the ad. The parallel is remarkable. Like Bloom, Tertius is an advertising man; also like Bloom, Tertius's journeys on this occasion were confined to one day. As we recall it, the high point of Bloom's business day was a trip to the National Library; Tertius followed this precedent by putting in two hours at the New York Public Library, looking up pictures of Dublin to reproduce in the *Ulysses* ad. ☞Tertius maintains that the parallel breaks down at this point: that he visited no barrooms, nor did he go to the museum to see the nude statues.

☞Casuals of the news:—the Hotel Duane has opened a Cocktail Room in the basement for the special recuperation of the publishers and Book Boys on Murray Hill. ☞Old Quercus is enjoying *Murder Mansion*, by J. H. Wallis (Dutton, $2), a mystery story suggested by the famous old Wendel house at Fifth Avenue and 39th. ☞There's a new Agatha Christie (*Murder in the Calais Coach*) due Feb. 28. Miss Christie is fond of murders in railway trains. ☞We hope every bookseller will read what Louis Adamic says in *The Native's Return* about the liveliness of the book business in Yugoslavia. ☞A set of galley proofs of *The Robber Barons*, by Matthew Josephson, were lost in the mail in Russia. This remarkable book (chosen by the Book of the Month Club for March) will cause a rousing stir. ☞There are a lot of exciting things scheduled for this spring. ☞Which reminds us, when the charming Napier Moore, editor of *McLean's Magazine* (Toronto) said something to the *Saturday Review* Mermaids about "shedule" they were politely puzzled. ☞Nominated for one of the ablest catalogue descriptions on record, Harcourt, Brace's note on the long-anticipated work by Pareto, *The Mind and Society, A General Sociology* (4 volumes, $20 if ordered before publication this spring, $25 thereafter.)

The spring catalogue of Faber and Faber (London) lists a book that sounds exciting—*The Serial Universe*, by J. W. Dunne (author of *An Experiment with Time*, published several years ago). Of this book the English publisher says: "It is impossible to describe Mr. Dunne's new book in language which does not wear the book of fantastic exaggeration. Either it is one of the major achievements of human thought, or it involves some astonishing fallacy. . . . Mr. Dunne claims to have found an irrefutable proof of human immortality." Old Quercus hopes to hear more about this from a representative of Faber and Faber who is now in this country. ☞The high-spirited Hugh Eayrs, head of the Macmillan Company of Canada, was in New York recently on business, with Mrs. Eayrs. Mrs. Eayrs (Dora Whitefield) is co-editor of a series of readers for Canadian schools.

☞Leviathan novels are definitely in fashion once more: Quercus notes that *Bredon and Sons*, by Neil Bell (Little, Brown, $2.50), has 587 pp. ☞And the very extraordinary novel, *The Fool of Venus*, by George Cronyn (to be published in March by Covici-Friede), contains 175,000 words. Its first draft was 250,000.

☞Mrs. Everett Partridge (New Brunswick, N. J.) writes charmingly to say that if Mr. Clouter is going to be pernicketty about details of the marriage ceremony in *Little Women* he should have observed it was *Meg's* wedding, not *Amy's*. ☞Mrs. Partridge goes one better beyond Mr. Heron's in a compliment to the *S. R. L.* "We Partridges," she says, "never think of leaving the house the day the *Review* comes until this specially invited guest appears." ☞Nice birds, both Partridges and Herons.

The True Story of Two Real Little Women of the American 1860's

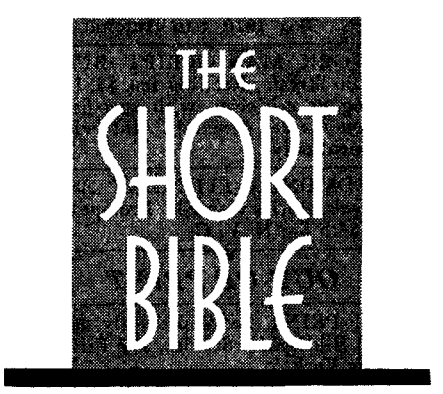
THE discovery and publication of *Julia Newberry's Diary* gave delight to many thousands of readers—and now another rare treat is in store—JULIA NEWBERRY'S SKETCH BOOK or *The Life of Two Future Old Maids.* The fragmentary sketches in the Diary gave hardly a hint of the treasures hidden away in the old morocco bound sketch book, so tenderly preserved through the years by the other of "The Two Old Maids," Julia's adoring younger cousin, Minnie Clapp, who is still living.

THE SKETCH BOOK'S publication is in itself a romance. But for the appearance of the *Diary*, this sketch book with its charming, witty drawings—like pages from *Godey's Lady's Book* come to life—might still be locked away, and with it Minnie Clapp's vivid memories of Julia now set down by Minnie's daughter, Tracy Mygatt.

It recreates the very essence of Julia, dreaming of her American home as she moves like a girl enchanted through her school days in Switzerland and in the fashionable circles of the Sixties.

Sparkling with Julia's own satirical humor, always shadowed with a hint of tragedy, the biography and the drawings together form a book unique in American publishing. Reproduced in the form of the original sketch book, with all of the drawings of *The Life of Two Future Old Maids* (as Julia planned the future for herself and her cousin Minnie), JULIA NEWBERRY'S SKETCH BOOK is a book that mixes laughter and tears, a book in which old and young alike will find lasting delight.

Julia Newberry's
SKETCH BOOK
(OR THE LIFE OF TWO FUTURE OLD MAIDS)
Illustrated. $2.50
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
70 Fifth Avenue, New York



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says:

"This fascinating book is a complete introduction to a study of the Bible. . . . Perhaps nowhere else can the casual reader find so clearly stated the relative credibilities and the social backgrounds of the Bible's varied riches."

See **THE SHORT BIBLE** at your bookseller's.
Fourth Printing. $2.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED